914.439
The/Pyr
25929

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015

THE PYRENEES,

AND

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

HOWLETT and BRIMMER, Printers,
10, Frith Street, Soho.

THE

PYRENEES,

AND THE

SOUTH OF FRANCE,

DURING THE MONTHS OF

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER 1822.

85929
a1

BY A. THIERS.

B. 1411

LONDON:

TREUTTEL AND WÜRTZ, TREUTTEL, JUN.

AND RICHTER, 30, SOHO SQUARE.

1823.

2 f 12

914.489
Thi/Pyr
85929

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Page.

The Passport 1

CHAPTER II.

Geneva, the Gresivaudan, and Grenoble 12

CHAPTER III.

Provence and Marseilles 33

CHAPTER IV.

Commerce of Marseilles.—Intercourse with the East.—Emancipation of the Greeks.—The Two Systems, the Manufacturing and the Commercial.—Progress of Public Opinion 44

CHAPTER V.

Languedoc.—Roussillon.—The Frontier of Spain . . 65

CHAPTER VI.

Perpignan.—The Spanish Monks 73

CHAPTER VII.

Mount Canigou.—The Army of the Faith.—The Guerillas 79

CHAPTER VIII.

The Defiles of Mount-Louis.—The Regency of Urgel . 90

CHAPTER IX.

Members of the Regency.—Mata-Florida.—The Ministers.—Baron d'Eroles 98

CHAPTER X.

Page

Cerdagne.—Bourg-Madame.—Puycerda.—Skirmishes between the Two Spanish Parties 105

CHAPTER XI.

Spanish Character.—The Taking of Puycerda . . . 118

CHAPTER XII.

The Valley of Carol.—The Knife of the Guerillas.—The Smugglers.—The Port of Puymaurin . 130

CHAPTER XIII.

The Road from Ax to Toulouse.—The Trappist.—The Sanitary Cordon and the Corps of Observation.—Toulouse 149

CHAPTER XIV.

Tarbes. — Argelez. — The Abbey of Saint-Savin.—Bayonne 163

Howlett and Brimmer, Printers,
10, Frith Street, Soho.

THE PYRENEES,

AND THE

SOUTH OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PASSPORT.

HAVING set out from Paris, in October, 1822, with the intention of visiting the two great chains of mountains, which cover the frontiers of France, I determined to collect some particulars respecting the countries through which I was about to travel. However I might be impressed by the grand scenery of the Alps, or the affecting sight of a wise, enlightened, and truly free people, I thought it fitting to confine to my own breast the emotions which they excited. But on arriving shortly after, in the midst of the Pyrenees, having witnessed the movements taking place on our frontier; the anxiety of our southern provinces; and the last defeats of the Regency of Urgel, I thought I could furnish some interesting details respect-

ing places and persons, which are now objects of general attention, although not sufficiently known.

I would willingly carry my reader at once to Perpignan, or into La Cerdagne, and exhibit to him those monks, those guerillas, in short, that picturesque people who resemble a migration of Asiatics in the midst of Europeans; but the police does not allow of such quick travelling, and I cannot abstain from shewing the pleasures and the inconveniences of the passport, the facility of the *visa*, and the urbanity of our police officers. I am not one of those ungrateful persons, who speak ill of civilization, while they are enjoying its benefits: I admire as much as any one those rapid means of communication, which are always ready, and at every one's command. But the progress of civilization serves the police as much as it does liberty; and if it gives *mail-coaches* to us subjects, it gives *telegraphs* to our rulers. Nothing, doubtless, can be more delightful, than to see at the moment of your departure, couriers precede you, to inform your friends, and to summon them to the place where you wish to meet them; to find commodious and rapid diligences always ready to receive you, and the government, always care-

ful of the tranquillity of its subjects, offering you passports, enjoining *all civil and military authorities to afford you aid and protection.*

I allow that we have not all this in the woods; but will these obliging couriers be very discreet? Will the paper which they carry to a distance be opened by none but my friends? and will this tutelary passport always procure me aid and protection? In consequence of a certain secret mark, will it not cause me to be strictly surveyed by a gendarme or a mayor, and consigned to some country prison? Nor is this all; whether the passport be sincere or not, you must have it. I have arranged my affairs, taken leave of my friends, and am ready to set out, but I must first have the consent of a prefect or his clerks. I repair to the great hall, where travellers placed on long benches, exhibit to the police their high or low foreheads, their black or blue eyes, their aquiline or flat noses, and I desire to have my description taken. 'Have you a certificate from your commissary?' I am asked..... On my replying in the negative I am dismissed; and proceed to obtain from the censor who presides over the morals of the quarter where I reside, a certificate that he is satisfied with me,

Before I can gain admittance to him I hear more than one abusive quarrel; I at length reach the curule chair, and bowing very low, declare that I desire to *circulate freely**, and that I want a passport.

'Where are you going to?' says the commissary.

'Abroad.'

'Abroad!' replies he, 'and at such a moment as this:' (this was in October last) 'to what country?'

'To Switzerland.'

'What business have you there?'

'None.'

'None! and you would have the prefect permit you to depart without assigning any motive?'

'If I like to travel without any object, is it the business of the prefect to find one for me? besides, is not the desire to see the country, motive sufficient?'

'Enough! the authorities will see what can be done;.....come again in three days.'

'What! in three days! and if I am in a hurry to set out, if my arrangements are made, if my place is taken?'

* *Circuler librement*—the words of the passport.

'Come in three days.'

'But, for heaven's sake, have I been accused to the commissary; has he any complaint against me?'

'None.'

'Then he is satisfied with me? for here, those must be good whom he does not know.'

'Come in three days.'

I listen to this solemn decree, pronounced with the inflexibility of fate, and wait till it is decided whether by passing Mount Jura, I shall not interrupt the congress at Verona. When the time fixed has expired, I return; 'Sir,' I say, with the timidity of a culprit, 'the three days have elapsed.' He looks steadfastly at me, as if to recal a recollection effaced by the multiplicity of business; after a moment's silence he says, 'You must come another time.'

'But I was told to return in three days.'

'You must come another time.'

'Are not the formalities completed?'

'No, sir! you do not know them all.' Then with an air of ennui, under which lurks a secret pleasure at possessing that authority, whose influence is most sensibly felt, he shews me the portfolio of a traveller, and I perceive that *supplementary reports on the moral and politi-*

cal qualities of individuals are sometimes required. Not knowing whether I had the honour of a supplementary report, and unable to foresee when the clerks of their excellencies, the ministers of the home and the foreign departments, would be sufficiently enlightened, I renounce this passport, and content myself with a simple one merely for a French frontier; I set out, and shew it to twenty gendarmes, who stare at it, and recognising either by the shape of the paper, or by the black characters traced upon it, that it is a passport, honestly return it to me. I pass the frontier, and arrive at the gates of Geneva, failing at the most, if I failed at all, in respect to the Genevese government; for I was authorised to *circulate* in France, and not in Switzerland. The day was just breaking, the transparent shade showed Mount Jura, Saleve, Mount Blanc: the gates of the prudent city were shut, as at the time when the young watchmaker, (afterwards the author of *Emile,*) arrived too late for admittance, and fled to Turin. The drawbridge was lowered over a moat filled with the waters of the lake.

'Who are you?' said a guard.

'A Frenchman.'

'Your passport.'

'I have none.'

'Your name?'

'Adophe Thiers.'

'Enter.'

From that moment I met with nothing to remind me that there was a government at Geneva.

When you leave Switzerland to go into Savoy, you soon learn that there is a government in Piedmont. When you have declared to the Piedmontese consul that you will not take the road to Turin, (because Turin is on the way to Verona) you have to pass through several lines of custom-houses, performing the functions of a sanitary cordon against certain books. If you come from one of those countries where people have the bad habit of reading; if you even read in your carriage, or have any printed paper about you, the custom-house officers are immediately up in arms.

'Have you the *Revolution of Piedmont?*'

'No.'

'What book is that?'

'It is the *Revolution of France.*'

'A revolution!' cry all the hierarchies of the custom-house; 'away with it to the *censure* at Chambery!'

On returning into France, the action of the authorities is instantly felt. Especially if you arrive in the southern provinces, if you go from Montpellier to Narbonne, the voices of the clerks become louder; and at Perpignan, the prefects, sub-prefects, and mayors, are great personages, who are exclusively entrusted with the public safety.

In a French frontier town, where the waiter of every inn is accustomed to go and get the passports examined and countersigned, I employ the ordinary mode; but those were no longer ordinary times, because there was a company of chasseurs in the town, and the town was called a fortress.

'How could you! in times like these, send a servant,' said the mayor to me.

'I know Mr. Mayor, what is due to you, but I only followed the usual custom.'

'Custom!.....Do you know sir, that for the least thing I have people arrested.'

'Undoubtedly you will hear me:'—

'Let us see, let us see this passport.—What! it is for Paris, and you are in the Pyrenees!'

'You know Mr. Mayor, that—'

'I know, I know my business.'

'You know, then, that according to the law'—

'The law, the law; I know it, and you have not to teach it me.'

'It is for that reason I remind you that the final destination should only be mentioned.'

'I know well enough what should or should not be; and for the least thing,' repeated the magistrate rising, 'I have people arrested.'

I made no reply, and seeing that he questioned me without letting me answer, I waited. The mayor read each *visa*, stopped at every date, asked me several times if it was a two or a three, and at length affixed his signature as I desired. I am permitted to go five leagues, to the next commune, where another mayor will ask me, why I am at the foot of the *Canigou*, or of the *Pic-du-Midi*, instead of being at the bottom of Montmartre; and after a thousand questions, I shall be allowed to proceed another stage. When the mayor had signed, I asked 'If that were all?'

'No! the arms of the commune must also be affixed.'

Now the arms are not at the mayor's. I go to the keeper of the seals, at the further end of a suburb covered with snow; but he is not at home; I return respectfully, and at length

procure the hundredth seal to my passport, covered with the blazonry of all the communes; I make my three or four hundredth bow, and am allowed to leave a place, where half an hour is sufficient to gratify curiosity, and twenty-four are hardly enough to satisfy the police.

Two very enthusiastic young Spaniards, who witnessed this scene, rallied me upon it. 'You,' said they, 'are the fathers of liberty in Europe; it must be owned that you do not enjoy the fruits of your labours. *Sic vos non vobis*, &c.'

'My friends,' said I; 'sacrifices must be made to the public safety.'

'No doubt,' they replied; 'if a passport could make known the intentions of the bearer; if all gendarmes were able to read; and if, when it has been written that a traveller has a round or oval face, no mistake could afterwards be made; if in short it had led to the discovery of a single plot, saved a single government, or even a single ministry, well and good. But they have plagued every body, served nobody, and wounded the most sensitive kind of liberty, namely, that of private indivi-

duals. If modern nations do not always feel oppression, they are at least sensible of constraint. Governments ought not to restrict their subjects within too narrow bounds, and treat them like prisoners to whom a town is assigned as a prison.'

CHAPTER II.

GENEVA, THE GRESIVAUDAN, AND GRENOBLE.

IT is common enough for people to attach too much importance to their own impressions, and to be disposed at every moment, and on every journey, to write a Journal, or a Tour. This is doubtless estimating ourselves too highly, and thinking to transfer our own soul into that of others. If nevertheless, without eternally expressing what one feels, one described with accuracy and simplicity, the thousand facts which occur to everybody, the numerous books of travels which we possess would perhaps be more interesting, and certainly more instructive; we should have less declamation and more facts. After having traversed the Alps, I shall not weary my reader with the exclamations which the sight of them usually draws forth; but if he wishes to see grand scenery, fine water, boundless prospects, above all, if he wishes to satisfy himself that the liberty so often called for really exists, that equality, not that which excludes all supe-

riority, but that which gives to the meanest what is necessary, is possible; if he wishes all this, I would advise him to go into Switzerland, to expand his soul in her elevated spots, there to rejoice in the conviction that the happiness of mankind is possible to a certain degree, and to conceive that if it was natural for France to produce Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Buffon, Geneva was the proper place to produce Rousseau.

Quitting Switzerland, and passing into the French Alps, which enclose the rich and patriotic Dauphine; which border the South, so little known and so ill appreciated, and which should now give so much hope to the friends of civilization and knowledge; descending from the last slopes of the Alps to the plains of Languedoc, and again ascending to the Pyrenees, the last bulwark of continental liberty,—the Pyrenees, threatened by so many storms and the scene of such remarkable events, that their bold and interesting beauty is but an accessory incitement to the curiosity of the traveller; I have thought it would not be useless to describe what I met with on my way. It is not a particular class of objects that I intend to describe, but every thing that struck me:

places, and persons with their present affections, their wishes, and their fears; labourers, traders, soldiers, fugitives, everything as I saw it, in the order or disorder in which I encountered it. All these objects have taught me something relative to the most important interests of the times. It is for this reason that I have preserved the recollection of them, and that I think it may be useful to publish them, especially in France, where the South is but little known, because it is remote from the capital, which is the centre of every sort of activity and knowledge. At a moment when people talk so much of the Pyrenees, of Spain, and the army of observation, this plain and faithful narrative will not be uninteresting. At all events it contains facts; and who, I ask, will regret giving publicity to some additional facts, at a time when people reason so much, and see so little?

I had just quitted Geneva, where I had witnessed the numerous arrivals of strangers, who were returning from the Alps, driven by the cold of winter, or who were going to cross them to proceed to Verona. I had seen the indifference of the Genevese with regard to many a celebrated traveller,—their security with regard to

the results of the Congress,—their quiet contempt of the intrigues of diplomacy. I had been grieved, in travelling among the Savoyards, at the mournful sight of a good people under wretched institutions; and I had convinced myself that all governments are not equally good, as the political Pyrrhonists pretend. I had quitted Chambery and the Charmettes, and leaving behind me the road of Montmelian, which leads to Turin, I already entered the beautiful valley of the Grésivaudan, which begins Dauphiné. I had on my left and behind me the immense back ground of the Alps, where so many mountains rear their lofty heads. Behind a first range of fertile hills already tinged with yellow by the winter, and another line of blueish mountains, I perceived at intervals more lofty summits crowned with dazzling snow, exhibiting the elevated region of their dominion. From this magnificent horizon to the point where I stood, a vast basin extended, whose sinuosities widened as you approached, and at length gave an issue to the muddy waters of the Isère. This river flowed gently towards the Grésivaudan, and passed by the fort of Barraux, which was just before me. This fort was built by a duke of Savoy, to the great sa-

tisfaction of the celebrated Lesdiguieres, who said, '*So much the better, it is built for us,*' and was in fact the first who conquered it; this fortress which has since become our principal defence on that side, I saw rise on an eminence in the centre of the valley, its walls, lines and angles appearing strongly defined on a hot and brilliant sky. The ground, far from rising or contracting behind the fort, suddenly declined; the double inclosure of mountains seemed to sink into an immense bottom, and mingle with the clouds piled up on the horizon, and highly illumined by the sun which had just hidden itself behind them. To the right were the mountains of the Chartreuse, rising in terraces; to the left the Isère, and that chain of the Alps which passes from Savoy into France, and does not terminate till it reaches the waters of the Mediterranean.

I contemplated this delicious valley, looking now at the frozen amphitheatre of the Alps, then at the fort and the back ground on which it seemed to be drawn. There all was light and heat; there I saw a better season; France, and above all my native place; and I advanced cheerfully, but slowly; for in this good country of Savoy, whose inhabitants derive so much

happiness from themselves, and so little from their government, industry is in the most miserable state; the means of communication are rare and inconvenient, and notwithstanding the vicinity of Dauphiné, hardly two or three travellers in a day traverse the road from Chambery to Grenoble.

I had for my travelling companion an old man who had formerly served in the Walloon guards, and afterwards in the guard of Leopold, grand Duke of Tuscany; who since the revolution had settled at Chambery, where he had pleaded for thirty years, and had just gained an important law-suit, which he announced in all the villages, where he was known as one of the antiquities of the place. This excellent old man mingled the recollection of his long process, with that of the courts where he had served; of Rousseau, whom he had seen at the Charmettes; of the federation of the 14th of July which he had witnessed, and he called to mind all those things at once, without seeming to suspect that there was any discrepancy between them. It was evident that he had retained the images without the sentiment that accompanies them. A Genevese, who travelled with us, listened to him, like myself, with kind atten-

tion. I found on this occasion that something may be learned everywhere. I was thinking of the government of Piedmont, whose king barely possesses some mountains placed in the midst of the greatest states in Europe, and who with armies which are not his own, commands a people who desire no longer to be his. I was considering what might be the ceremonial eulogium of this sovereign; our old man soon informed me. 'Do you know,' said he, with a serious tone and grave look, 'that the house of Savoy is a very great one?'

Having nothing to say on the subject, I nodded assent.

'Do you know,' added he, 'that it has existed for these nine hundred years?'

I was struck with those words as with a ray of light. Thus, said I to myself, there is no vanity discontented: each finds some reasons for self-esteem; and probably at Monaco, they know some point of view in which this Prince is greater than any of his royal brethren.

My neighbour the Genevese smiled, and in the course of conversation asked me the state of my country. 'Do you know,' said he, 'that thirty years ago I saw great numbers of your

fugitive countrymen? Ah! how unhappy they were! our lake was covered with the boats that conveyed them, and as usual advantage was taken of their distress. There were two particularly, whom I conveyed in my boat to Lausanne; they were very poor, and I endeavoured to be very reasonable in my demands. They have all gone back doubtless; but so many misfortunes have surely corrected them.'

'Misfortune,' I replied, 'irritates, and does not correct.'

'You are right,' added the Genevese, as if reflecting, and with an air of resignation, 'we saw it clearly when our people resumed the government.'

I broke off this dialogue to look at the valley. We had passed the fort, and were advancing into the broadest part of this beautiful vale, which opens, closes, opens again, and appears to be shut up entirely at Grenoble, but suddenly opens to give a vent to the Isère, and does not finish till you reach Tulins, after a circuit of twenty leagues. Its breadth is generally less, but never more than half a league, so that it never widens into a plain, and without being so wild as a defile, or so open as a basin, it has a sufficient diversity of solemnity, light and

shade. The road on the right hand, as you enter France, runs at the foot of very large well wooded hills, on which numerous flocks are grazing; sometimes they are almost perpendicular, and covered from top to bottom with abundance of climbing plants. Above, there is a line of broken rocks, with forests of pines in their intervals. To the left, the ground declines towards the Isère, extending into meadows and corn-fields, and rises to the foot of the opposite mountains which form the parallel branch. The habitations commence about a league from fort Barraux, and continue without interruption to Grenoble, that is, for six or seven leagues. During this long space they form almost a continued village, in which the neat looking houses, something resembling the Swiss chalets, (or cheese houses) were placed at small distances. The women are all seated at the thresholds of their doors; some are sewing, with wonderful rapidity and extreme neatness, the famous gloves of Grenoble, which are used in all the capitals of Europe, to cover the most delicate hands; others are stripping the flax of its ligneous envelope, and spinning it on the distaff for the weavers of Grenoble, who are no less famous than the glovers. To this sight is

added another; large oxen yoked in pairs drag along enormous pines, the growth of the mountains of the Chartreuse, which are sawed into boards at Grenoble, or floated down the Isère and the Rhone, to grow old in the plains of the south.

The physiognomy of the inhabitants is completely changed; you no longer see the broad flat forehead, the depressed nose, the large lips of the Savoyards; they have still the shape of the mountaineers, robust and rather thick; but their features are not so coarse; their countenances are more animated, and you see that you are approaching to France, that is to say to that lively European nation, which, though alternately Flemish in the Low Countries, German in Alsace, Swiss in Dauphiné, Italian in Provence, and Spanish in the Pyrenees, still remains itself; and if it has not, like every nation in Europe, features strongly indicative of a single character, and the distinguished possession of a peculiar quality, has however, a facility in assuming them all, and is particularly distinguished by the mixture and equilibrium of faculties, whence it derives correctness and extent of understanding in the sciences, purity of taste in the arts, and lastly, mobility and impetuosity of temper.

Grenoble is a town, the interior of which possesses nothing attractive but the good looks of its inhabitants. To enjoy it, you must go out of the gates, and look at it from the surrounding heights. Besides, when we have examined the principal quarters of a city; the manner in which the houses are built, and ascertained from the nature of the soil, the reason why such and such materials are employed, or from the manners of the inhabitants, or the climate, the particular cause of the form given to the buildings, I think we should go out of the walls, and get to the highest surrounding point, in order to judge of the manner in which the habitations are distributed, and thus to catch the shape of the city; in this manner we have the general and detailed plan of a town. By adopting this method, many things which were before obscure, seemed to be explained to me. However simple these observations may seem, I believe that politics and political economy begin there, and I do not think that the elements ought to be neglected.

I repaired one morning to the beautiful hills of Mont-Fleury; the weather was as mild as in the finest months of spring. The sky shed a brilliant light over the mountains, and illumined, without melting, the snow, which rested

on their summits. The valley of Grésivaudan is rounded at Grenoble like a circus, and forms a perfectly uniform basin of extraordinary fertility; the Isère enters, and flows slowly through it, making various windings, as if it could not find a vent, but at length it is seen to pass through an opening of the mountains, and to traverse Grenoble, which seems to guard the issue.

At Mont-Fleury, I remarked a very spacious habitation, in which I perceived, here and there, instruments for gymnastic exercises, apparently destined for the instruction of youth different from ours. The building was silent and shut up. A young boy, who spoke French very well, though with a foreign accent, informed me that it was the beautiful college of Mont-Fleury, which had lately been shut up by a decree of the board of public instruction; he added that he was a Swede, and had remained to the last, because his parents lived at so great a distance.

This fine establishment, which was formed two years ago, and was the first of the kind that was introduced from Switzerland into France, had already a hundred and ten pupils, both French and foreigners. An attempt had

been made in it, to apply the physical education of *Emile* to a society of young people. Education preceded instruction; which, in its turn was not neglected. The living languages were first taught, and it was by speaking them, that the German, French, English, and Italian pupils learnt them of each other. The masters took care to employ them alternately in each exercise. The dead languages followed, and in two years many pupils knew the Latin as well as our rickety latinists, who have spent eight years in translating Livy, Tacitus, Virgil, and Horace, whom they have not understood, but hated; and never take up again with pleasure till they have been ten years from school. This was also the first French establishment, in which an attempt was made to exercise the young people in extempore declamation, by oral narrations. Gymnastic exercises, and excursions over the neighbouring mountains, strengthened their constitutions, while they retarded the development of their passions. The masters who were settled there with their own families, lived like fathers with their pupils. Every mode of worship was freely professed. It seems that this very freedom gave offence. Denunciations, of which, however, official notice

was given to the superiors who were accused, and declamations pronounced from the pulpit, against what was called *education à tours de force*, soon ruined this fine experiment; and the council of public instruction, after having admitted by its decree, that the instruction given was satisfactory, and the morals of the masters unimpeachable, frankly declared, that the system of education at Mont-Fleury being neither sufficiently monarchical, nor sufficiently religious, the college should be closed. This decision was made by virtue of a decree, issued under the empire, which is precise, and really gives the board the powers which it has made use of. I am always more and more surprised that such decrees are not issued amidst cries of *long live the Emperor*, who has given to grand masters, keepers of the seals and prefects, such ample powers to forbid, to suspend, to shut up, &c. &c.

I will add two facts which are recorded in the documents, of which the board gave copies to the accused superiors; one was, that complaints were made, that a sufficient number of catechisms had not been found on the establishment; the other, that one of the masters had been present at the trials before the tribunal of

correctional police, and had appeared to be favourably disposed towards some accused persons.

By the shutting up of this college, the large capital which had been embarked for a special purpose, on buildings which are adapted to nothing but a boarding-shool, has been lost, and three respectable families who had just and well-founded hopes of making their fortune, have been nearly ruined. The people of Grenoble, however, who seldom give up a point, quickly opened a subscription to lend the masters 50,000 francs without interest, that they might continue at Geneva the experiments which they had so happily begun in France.

The people of Grenoble are of a calm but essentially independent character, because they are mountaineers and industrious. Their interests are as stable as their commerce: they sell now only the same articles that they sold formerly, gloves, linen, cattle, &c. They have varied but little in their affections, and have not transferred them from one government to another, like many others whose interests were variable. They have always preferred that which seemed to promise them the greatest liberty, and now, as in the time of Mounier, whom they still

honor and respect, and whose brother yet lives among them, they would defend the parliament against provincial intendants and garrisons.

The custom of having regiments within their walls has taught them to make themselves respected. The military agree, that if there is no place where they are better received, there is also none, where military insolence is less submitted to. The vicinity of foreign countries has the effect, that it has everywhere, in making the people of Grenoble extremely national, for there is nowhere more patriotism displayed than in the frontier provinces.

I have not seen in any place so much as at Grenoble, that indifference to the consequences of their words, which is so common at Paris; I have not seen it in the same degree, except in countries, where the people were divided, and of ardent passions; but even there, if I may say so, they are not indifferent to these consequences; they wish on the contrary, to give them a hostile turn, which may wound the enemy with whom they come into personal contact or dispute. I have seen more than one of those countries, where people measure each other with their eyes, where they attack with sarcasms and empty threats, and where they

follow each other with deadly imprecations. It is but too true that several cities in our country are in this situation. I should not like to name them, but it must not be concealed that there are such. At Grenoble, people talk loudly with their windows open, and are not afraid, when in the inns, of being heard by their neighbours. They even loudly censure the local authorities; I am ignorant whether those possess the moderation of the magistrates of Geneva, or of the United States, but I am very sure that if the same magistrates were to reside for any time at Grenoble, they would soon acquire the first virtue of people in power, patience, and submission to criticism.

The school of law has been dissolved here, and the city has been thereby deprived of the advantages which it derived from the residence of several hundred young men. What has however been the consequence? As it was not by coming to Grenoble, or by studying the law, that they became what they were not wished to be; as they came almost all from Dauphiné or Lyons, with the dispositions which they afterwards manifested in their meetings; they have only carried elsewhere what they had in their hearts. Thus the establishments of a few

professors have been broken up, and some workmen deprived of employment, for no purpose, and Grenoble has thought that it had fallen into disgrace.

From Grenoble you go into the great Alps, to proceed to the South of France, and follow in an inverted direction the road which Bonaparte took, when he came from the gulf of Juan. We first meet with the ancient castle of Vizille, which retraces as it were the three ages of the French nation. This gothic castle formerly belonged to Lesdiguières, an equestrian statue of whom is seen on one of the fronts. It was afterwards used for the assembly of the states of Dauphiné, when at the call of Mounier, they met in 1788 at Vizille, and began the era of French liberty. Lastly having been purchased by Messrs. Perrier, it has retained its external form, but its vast interior has been converted into a very fine manufactory. Thus this castle, to which so many noble recollections are attached, represents at once feudality, liberty, and industry, that is to say, the three ages of our history.

The road across the Alps is as grand and picturesque, as in the finest part of Switzerland. Memorials of Bonaparte are every-

where to be met with. At the three lakes, say the country people, he met the regiments of Labedoyère; at Corps he passed the night; at Gap he put up at an inn, where the meanest traveller would feel a repugnance to stop. The landlord, an old man, who totters as he looks after his kitchen, surveys you a long time, and when he has acquired some confidence, he sits down at one end of the table; he speaks first of the *famous passage;* then, if he is satisfied with the curiosity which he has excited, he confesses that he had the honour to receive the illustrious traveller; then he shows the room where Bonaparte dined, the bed in which he slept, and never fails to conclude by enumerating the English, who came to pay a high price, for the honour of passing a night in the same chamber.

The Alps decline rapidly from Gap to Sisteron. Bold masses of granite or primitive lime-stone are succeeded by eminences formed of schistous and blackish earth. The friable and moving soil seems to dissolve into flakes of slate or clay. The Durance, yet a scanty stream, rolls with a hoarse noise over black flints; and the aromatic vegetation of Provence, does not yet indemnify the traveller for the

barrenness of the soil, and the disagreeableness of its forms.

The Southern races begin when you quit the Alps. The Lyonnese, though under a temperature which is very warm, are not a Southern race. The Dauphinese, though nearer the sun, have a great deal in them of the mountaineers; a race which is everywhere alike, and has similar character under all latitudes. The Scottish Highlanders, who, if we are to believe Walter Scott, add to strength of body, great intrepidity of character, and above all extreme sharpness of intellect, have their exact counterparts in the Alps and the Pyrenees. The Lowlanders, have therefore always a proverb to characterise that sharpness. The Provençals, for instance, who every day see among them inhabitants of the upper and lower Alps, making their fortunes by their intelligence and frugality, and gradually changing their coarse stuff for fine cloth, say with vexation, that they have nothing rough about them but their coat.

The mountaineers end about Sisteron and Digne, and it is in the plains of Lower Provence that we suddenly meet with a new race.

Going down the Rhine, it is at Montelimart

and Orange, that we first perceive the change: at Avignon it is complete. The features of the countenance are less marked, the eye is more sunk, and ardent in its expression. The hair is almost always black or chesnut, the motions more sudden, the way of speaking more rapid; and frequent and expressive gestures are almost always used to point out the object.

CHAPTER III.

PROVENCE AND MARSEILLES.

THE soil of Provence, though covered with mountains, is essentially different in character from that of the Alps and the Pyrenees. It does not present continual heights and defiles, like the great mountainous countries, nor moderate eminences gradually declining to the plain, as you see on the north side of the Pyrenees. There are plains, hills, and above all, some stray ridges of the Alps, which terminate in the Mediterranean. Hence the prospect over this diversified soil is not always bounded by masses of rocks, confined within valleys, or lost in immense plains; it alternately contracts and extends over a soil which is sometimes level, sometimes covered with perpendicular mountains, and sometimes it loses itself over the expanse of a sea, where the darkest azure is contrasted with sparkling light.

It is not till you arrive at Aix, that you can form any idea of this country, of which even the barrenness is beautiful; but when you reach the last heights that surround Marseilles, you are suddenly struck by that magnificent spectacle, which is impressed on the memory of every traveller, and which, animating the soul of Joseph Vernet, made him at once conscious of his genius, and his vocation. In the midst of an immense opening between two great chains of rocks, which stretch into the sea, and terminate in the waves, lies Marseilles. When a traveller arriving from the North, reaches the first chain, he suddenly perceives this immense basin, and is astonished at its extent and dazzling brilliancy. Soon afterwards he is struck with the structure of the soil, and its singular vegetation. You no longer meet with the rounded hills, and the rich and verdant vegetation of the banks of the Saone and the Garonne. An immense mass of grey and blueish lime-stone forms the first inclosure; lower branches diverge from it, and extend into the plain, composing an unequal and very varied soil. On every eminence there are tufts of Italian pines, which form elegant parasols of dark and almost blackish

green. Pale green olive trees, of a moderate height, descend along the hills, and by their paleness, and little round masses, contrast singularly with the slender stature and the magnificent dome of the pines. At their feet is a low, thick and greyish vegetation; it is the sage, and the odoriferous thyme, which when trodden upon, emit so powerful and agreeable a perfume. In the centre of the basin, Marseilles, almost concealed by a long and straggling hill, appears in profile; and its outline, sometimes hidden in the vapour, sometimes appearing between the undulations of the ground, terminates on the blue of the sea with the handsome tower of Saint John. Indentations of the coast are washed by the silver waves of the Mediterranean, which extends to the west, with the Isles of Pomègue, Ratoneau and the fort of If; its billows alternately calm and agitated, bright or gloomy, and its immense horizon form objects, over which the eye incessantly wanders, describing arcs of eternal circles.

It is under these beautiful pines, which, rustling in the breeze, produce such an agreeable and sonorous murmuring, and in these innumerable country houses, that the Marseillese

come every Sunday to forget the bustle of the quays, their disputes with the officers of the customs, and the business of the counting-house. Tops of trees, stripped of their foliage, surmount the beautiful domes of the *pineda*, and extend their naked branches in the air. Here the thrush pursued by the hunters, alights in autumn, and falls without being able to satisfy its numerous enemies. The country about Marseilles has but little game, because it is almost everywhere inhabited, and covered by an immense population, who go out every Sunday with fowling pieces in their hands and bags over their shoulders.

The importance of Marseilles in the South, and of the South to the rest of France; the commotions that have agitated it; its intercourse with the east; and its celebrated trade with the Levant, make it one of the most interesting cities in France, and the one which it is of the greatest importance to make accurately known. I have observed it with great care, and if I am not mistaken, a great many things which interest us at this moment, may be explained by an account of what has passed in it within these few years. I will endeavour to describe, in a few words, its people,

its manners, the progress of its spirit, its European position, the nature of its commerce, and the revolutions which it has undergone. I hope that the reader will find in my details rather more than the history of a city, and something besides the propensity to speak diffusely of a country, to which one is attached from acquaintance.

Marseilles, which has been so monarchical since 1812, is however the most democratical of all our cities. This assertion will surprise and offend many, and if I had the honor of being a deputy, it would perhaps draw forth a declaration of its municipal council: nevertheless I will maintain what I have advanced, and will require but few words to prove it.

Marseilles was independent for centuries, and carried on for a long time, on its own account, the most extensive commerce in the world, that formerly carried on by the Italian republics, to which it succeeded on their extinction. Having been subject to the crown of France for several centuries, and been reconstituted by the revolution, which has made every thing uniform, it is still full of institutions which are entirely democratical, and which attest its ancient modes of existence. The institution of

public weighers, who govern themselves; that of the administrators of health, who formed an independent council, before the authorities were introduced into it; that of the fishermen, who compose a little republic, and several others which are destroyed; are all remains of those ancient municipal establishments which were formed in all the free cities. The government has stepped in everywhere; it has made itself the protector of these little corporations, in the same way that Cromwell made himself protector of England, and Bonaparte of the confederation of the Rhine. These vestiges are notwithstanding very significant. Marseilles from its remoteness from the seat of government, is more exposed than any other city in France, to feel the inconvenience of the dependencies of great states; that of being ill known and badly governed. If her real interests have been very sensibly felt by herself, they could not be so easily felt by the government, which in fact has never shown itself more ignorant of the affairs of its subjects, than with regard to Marseilles; it has never ventured to decide on anything relating to this city, without first consulting her; and frequently after listening only to the first explosion of

passion, or the suggestions of intrigue, it has successively revoked its decisions. What has passed with regard to the freedom of her port is a proof of this. Marseilles therefore, is of all the cities of France, that where you the most frequently hear the expression, "At Paris they do not know this or that." It is the city which sends the greatest number of special commissioners to the ministry to give explanations respecting its commerce, which is the most complicated of any in the world. It is thus that interests are detached, when they are neither listened to, nor satisfied. Every body in fact recollects that among the thousand reports with which Marseilles has been occasionally inundated, that of being declared a Hanseatic city was not the one with which the people were least pleased. It was at Marseilles in 1793, that the first idea of a federal government was conceived. During the last troubles of the South in 1814 and 1815, it was seen to constitute itself the centre of authority, establish a royal committee, and pretend to make the whole of Provence obey its orders.

The population of Marseilles besides, does not consist of agriculturists, generally a quiet and reserved class, but of a maritime, commercial

and enterprising people, as speculators always are. If every species of industry in general tends to independence, by making people conscious of their own powers, manufacturing industry, which gains everything by a gradual and regular progress, inspires less boldness than commercial industry, which proceeds by great attempts, and which the chances of the sea enrich or ruin in a few hours. Finally Marseilles has a population of a hundred and twenty thousand souls; which is a proper proportion for a republic. Twenty thousand are in our days too few; a million too many; the social bond of union thus becomes relaxed; and of this, Paris is an instance. The people there are inert, and if they exhibited activity during the revolution, it was by subdividing themselves by suburbs. A medium proportion therefore, like that of Marseilles, is not too weak to act, nor too numerous to be firmly bound together; in short it is wholly democratical.

The frequent commotions at Marseilles, have been often ascribed to the ardent southern temperament of its inhabitants; this is the hackneyed explanation, which is most frequently repeated, because it is the easiest. To this I

will answer by one fact; the city of Aix, which is only five leagues from Marseilles, situated in a kind of hollow, never refreshed by the sea breezes, has not offered similar instances of impetuosity and restlessness. The reason of this difference, therefore, is not in the climate, and it is not difficult to explain it. Aix has a population of twenty-four thousand inhabitants at most, all farmers, land-owners, or lawyers. The continued residence of a body of nobility, formerly brilliant and now assuming; the presence of a bar, once celebrated, diffused in this city great elegance of manners and refinement of intellect; and the people are distinguished for reserve, acuteness, and causticity. They reproach Marseilles with its rash movements, and give its inhabitants an epithet expressive of a foolish eagerness to catch at everything. Marseilles, with its riches and bold speculations, reproaches Aix in return, with parsimony and meanness. This is perfectly natural; and if these two cities had been formerly placed on the free soil of Greece or Latium, or were now on that of America, and not both subject to a superior power, they would be the most inveterate enemies. During the revolution, the Marseillese have been seen to command

Aix, and to exercise the police there. This circumstance is still remembered, especially among the inferior orders; and it is they whom we should everywhere observe; for national sentiments must not be looked for among the higher classes. We find among them only evenness of temper, politeness, and the absence of marked sentiments.

It is equally easy to explain the difference that exists between Lyons and Bordeaux: the movements in those two cities have always been less violent, because the first, which is wholly dependant on manufactures, has experienced but few revolutions in its industry; and the second, deriving the principal and constant basis of its commerce, from its wines, the produce of its soil, is likewise not exposed to see all its modes of subsistence quickly or rapidly changed. It must be added, that Marseilles receives into its bosom the wretches who have been condemned for various crimes in the cities of the Mediterranean, and that it thus becomes the sink of the vices of Italy, Spain, and the Levant. It is this class of unprincipled vagabonds, which has at all times excited tumults in the city, and aggravated them by pillage and assassination.

After these explanations, the reader will I hope understand this assertion, which at first seems singular, that Marseilles is the most democratic city in France. Nothing certainly could be less monarchical than the manner in which it expressed its satisfaction at the restoration of the monarchy; and any one who had at that time seen it venting its rage on a fallen statue, or anticipating, before another just raised, the idea of its future happiness, might have doubted, whether it was a republic indulging in all the impetuosity of popular sentiments, or a faithful and devoted community returning under the power of their king.

CHAPTER IV.

COMMERCE OF MARSEILLES.—INTERCOURSE WITH THE EAST.—EMANCIPATION OF THE GREEKS.—THE TWO SYSTEMS, THE MANUFACTURING AND THE COMMERCIAL. — PROGRESS OF PUBLIC OPINION.

THE principal commerce of Marseilles formerly consisted in its Levant trade. The Turks, who possess the richest productions of the East, and are too ignorant and too indolent to manufacture them, have always been the nation with whom it was most advantageous to carry on trade. An industrious people has everything to gain in dealing with sensual and indolent customers, whom nature has supplied with the means of paying with their produce, for the labour of others. France enjoyed this commerce almost exclusively, and Marseilles, by its position and importance, had monopolized the whole of it. The concurrence of circumstances which led to this state of things was unique, and could not be durable. The Italian republics, which

formerly acquired such riches by this trade, had lost their power and their industry with their liberty. The obstinate warfare which they carried on with the Barbary powers, exposed them to continual piracies, and rendered it almost impossible for their vessels to keep the sea. The knights of Malta then occupied that famous island; on good terms with France, and at war with the Porte, they pursued the Turks who attempted to carry on trade, and suffered none but the French to navigate unmolested. Lastly, France was the only power in favour with the Divan, because she was the ally on whom the Turks chiefly depended against Russia. As long therefore as the Italian vessels were not safe in the Mediterranean, while those of the Turks were equally exposed on account of the Maltese; and lastly, as England had not yet penetrated into those seas, France, that is to say, Marseilles, favoured by so many circumstances, carried on there an almost exclusive trade. Her vessels alone could visit with impunity the ports of the East, and bring back their most valuable productions. A duty of 20 per cent. had been laid by Louis XIV. in 1669, on Levant goods imported by foreign vessels. This new prohibi-

tory regulation had the effect of still increasing the monopoly in favour of Marseilles and of France. The ignorant Porte paid no attention to it, and continued to consume the produce of our industry. Our vessels sailed every year laden with the produce of our colonies, which at that time were rich and numerous, and the works of our manufacturers, such as gilt work, silks, woollen cloths, bonnets, paper, mercery, hardware, coral, costly fire-arms, all kinds of goldsmiths' work, and clocks and watches; they took also cochineal, dye-woods, and every description of colonial produce, with which the warehouses at Marseilles were constantly supplied by our colonists.

With these rich cargoes our mercantile fleets visited the Levant, and went from port to port, collecting the various articles of exchange, and after completing their rich cargo, returned to Marseilles, where they landed cottons, both spun and in the wool, madder, galls, goats' hair, hare skins, camels' hair, ostrich feathers, wool in the fleece, raw silks, oils, wheat, rice, wax, tobacco, copper, drugs, all kinds of gum, and in short all the productions of an immense empire, which afterwards served to give employment to our manufactories.

What still farther favoured the French trade in the Levant, was a mixture of prohibitions and franchises, which being skilfully combined, produced the happiest effect, especially at a time when other nations were not so well informed as they now are, nor so ready to make speedy reprisals; thus, while the produce of the Levant brought by foreign vessels, paid a duty of 20 per cent. all other articles that entered Marseilles paid no duty, in consequence of its being a free port. This singular institution, the re-establishment of which so greatly excited the hopes of the Marseillese in the year 1814, and after a short trial was condemned as impracticable, deserves to be made known. The port and the territory of Marseilles were free, and exempt from all duties; barriers were established at a distance of two leagues, and there, such goods as were intended for the interior, paid the duties from which they had been exempted on entering Marseilles. This city therefore offered to the vessels of all nations a cheap depôt, to which they eagerly repaired. The productions, deposited in this great fair, served us afterwards as articles of exchange in the Levant, and assisted to favour our commerce in that part of the

world. Thus, this freedom harmonised perfectly well with the prohibition which was introduced by the duty of 20 per cent.; and Marseilles had the advantage of receiving in abundance the productions of the French and foreign colonies, and employing them almost exclusively in the Levant. This insulation of its territory contributed still more to detach it from the rest of France. The difficulty caused by the barriers, was the occasion that no communication took place, except for important articles of commerce, and all those little ties by which one country is attached to another, were broken. On the other hand Marseilles was opulent, and enjoyed the finest commerce in the world. Its port was the rendezvous of all nations, where the natives of the East and the West were seen mingled together. This prosperity, like everything human, necessarily had an end, and became a source of long regret, of bitter and unjust complaints.

The democratic character of the Marseillese was naturally excited in 1789, and the ardour of their patriotic zeal is sufficiently known. But soon afterwards, being subjected like the rest of France, to the sudden power of the new

Emperor, and no longer roused from their commercial inactivity, by the agitations of a stormy liberty, they felt more than any others the torments of a long and gloomy despotism. All the great things which that government did for France, were either injurious or useless to them. Being exclusively merchants, and not manufacturers, they felt only the inconveniences of blockades, and the total interruption of commercial relations. Their impatient character procured them from the great judge of human character who then reigned, an able and most inflexible prefect, who added his personal rigour to that of the system which he was commissioned to support. The names of Bonaparte and of Thibaudeau were identified in the hatred of the Marseillese; and in their continual, but stifled, complaints, these two names were never separated. Their trifling commerce with Italy was scarcely any indemnification for their almost absolute inactivity. In 1813, their distress was at its height; the unwholesome food, on which the lower classes were obliged to subsist, caused an epidemic disorder, which had nearly produced very fatal consequences.

It must be allowed, that, if in 1814, Mar-

seilles gave vent to its sentiments in a terrible manner, it cannot be accused of ingratitude; for far from having participated in any of the advantages of the imperial regime, it had on the contrary only borne its hardships and privations. It is here the proper place, to make a distinction, which will explain many events, the causes of which have not been perceived. Two interests have arisen in France, which although confounded in the general class of industry, are not the less distinct, and though now reconciled, were, however, once opposed; these are the commercial, and the manufacturing interest. The first suffered severely during the long interruption of our maritime communications, and was nearly annihilated; the second gained almost everything by the exclusion of foreign productions, and by the extraordinary efforts that were made to find substitutes for what we no longer received from abroad; it was besides especially protected by Bonaparte, who wished in this manner to indemnify France for her other privations. Then it was that the prejudice was first formed (and which is not yet wholly removed) of an exclusively national commerce; then the strangely exaggerated prin-

ciple was laid down, that a nation must constantly try to render itself independent of foreigners, and numerous other similar opinions, which are now recognized as errors, but which the luminous discussions of our latest writers on political economy have not yet been able to overthrow. These two interests have thus become opposed to each other, because they were unequally treated by the late government. In 1814, when the commercial interest conceived hopes of seeing the ocean (from which they had been so long excluded,) again open to them, it enthusiastically hailed the change that was effected, and the peace which followed it. The manufacturers, on the contrary, who saw their protector overthrown, and were thereby deprived of the advantages of the monopoly, which the blockade had given them, were alarmed; Bordeaux, Marseilles, and all the maritime cities of our two shores, were seen to manifest a joy, in which Lyons, and the towns in the interior, did not participate in an equal degree. There was yet another reason for this difference. Commerce in its most extensive ramifications, had existed before the new order of things, and it may be said to have more affinity with the old, than with the

new regime. Manufactures on the contrary, though very flourishing formerly, have received a new existence within these thirty years; they have owed almost everything to the progress of science and knowledge, and have therefore a connection with the new ideas which commerce has not. The merchants however soon found out, that it was not sufficient to have the seas opened, but that they wanted protection abroad, and independence at home; they have approximated to the manufacturers, who have felt their regrets diminish, and had their fears allayed; thus both have come to an understanding; they have become sensible of their mutual dependance on each other; and that if the merchant is necessary to the manufacturer, to export his produce, the merchant has no less need of the manufacturer, to employ or to work up his importations from distant countries. They no longer reproach each other with being anti-national, or attached to despotism; and they have become reconciled, in common attachment to internal and external independence. The conflict of these two interests has been particularly remarkable at Marseilles.

This city was the centre of commerce and

the focus of the affections which it nourished. Remote from the capital, its education having been retarded by the superstition prevalent in the South, being less enlightened and national, and equally averse to the presence of foreigners, whom it did not allow on its territory, but with whom it was eager to resume its intercourse, it was seen even to applaud the English; so prompt and blind is the first sentiment. It incessantly repeated its demand for the restoration of the freedom of the port, and the re-establishment of the prohibitions, both of which were believed to have been the source of its ancient splendor; and for some months it indulged in an intoxicating dream of its past prosperity, and in the hopes of its revival. But the commercial relations of Europe were wholly changed. It was not by means of ordinances and privileges, that the commerce of the Levant could be restored to France and to Marseilles. The conclusion of peace between the Italian states, and the regencies of Tunis and Algiers, had restored security to the Italian vessels. The Genoese, the Tuscans, the Ragusans, the Austrians, and the Swedes, had taken advantage of our absence to enter into direct relations with the Porte. Malta was no longer held by the

knights, the indefatigable enemies of the Porte; it was in the hands of the indefatigable English, who from that island commanded the whole Mediterranean. Lastly, the Greeks, who were formerly mere pirates, had become active merchants, and had almost made themselves absolute masters of the commerce of the Levant. This last circumstance is connected with a people too interesting at this period, not to merit some details of the manner in which it has been effected.

The foreign ministers to the Porte generally received a kind of diploma called a *barat*, which secured to the bearer a special protection. He was treated as a subject of the power to whose ambassador the *barat* had been granted, and as such was secured from all the risks of Turkish despotism. These *barats* were originally intended for subjects of the Porte, employed in the service of foreign ambassadors and consuls. A great number of Christian merchants soon became anxious to procure them, to enable them to trade freely, and save them from being exposed to any ill usage. The ambassadors of the great powers sold them as high as ten thousand piasters each; those of powers of the second rank, whose protection was less effectual, sold them at a lower rate. Thus was purchased

the right of becoming a foreigner in Turkey, and of enjoying by this means the rights of man. Russia was eager in procuring an extraordinary quantity of this description of charters, and distributing them among the Greeks, to increase its influence over them. The Russian *baratarians* increased rapidly, and a part of the subjects of Turkey was thus transferred to a hostile court. The ignorant and indolent Divan was not sensible of this abuse till long afterwards, and even then, not till it was warned by powers jealous of Russia. In the year 1806, the Porte protested against it, and declared that it would recognize no *baratarians,* but such as actually resided with the respective consuls. This declaration produced a long opposition from the foreign ministers, who derived a considerable portion of their income from the sale of these. At last the Porte, not to alienate in this manner a part of its subjects, and not to give up to others so considerable an advantage, resolved to take the regulation of the *barats* into its own hands, and to increase their privileges. New *barats* were issued, which secured to the holder the protection of the Dragoman of the Porte, (who though a Greek, possessed almost the power of a minister,) and of the

Cadi of every city in the Ottoman dominions; they secured him against the Pachas, who were bound, on pain of being disgraced, to respect him; they conferred on him the right of carrying on trade with Europe, without paying any higher duties than other nations; they allowed him to unite with the other holders of *barats*, to choose deputies and a chancellor, to open chambers of assurance, to be judged by arbitrators, and to conform to the laws of commerce, instead of being subject to the Turkish jurisprudence. The purchase of these rights, which were only those of man, was made for a pretty moderate sum, and the Jewish, Christian, and Greek merchants made haste to obtain them; and the number of their holders has increased so much, as to form in the midst of the Turkish empire, an independent and powerful corporation, which has at its disposal all the rich commerce of the East.

The Greeks especially have made considerable advances in commerce, by becoming almost all of them *baratarians*. Their industry has thus given them a taste for, and courage to maintain, their independence. The acquisition of *barats* has been to them, what the emancipation of the Communes was to the French

serfs in the twelfth century. Both obtained this emancipation by means of money; and it is always the need which governments have of men that secures their liberty.

We have thus shewn under what circumstances Marseilles was placed, in attempting to renew her commerce with the Levant, and by that means to revive her ancient prosperity. She did not fail to demand of the government the re-enactment of the duty of 20 per cent. and above all, the freedom of the port. The government readily granted that demand, the prospect of whose advantages was the most fascinating, and the freedom of the port was re-established. But the concession produced no effect, for reasons which it was easy to foresee. First, Marseilles had formidable competitors in the Mediterranean, as I have already observed; then the duty of 20 per cent. was not renewed, and very properly so, as the corporation of the *baratarians*, more alive to their interest than the Divan had formerly been, would have instigated prompt and severe reprisals from the Grand Signor. There was therefore no longer any advantage for the French flag, and besides, it enjoyed much less favour at Constantinople; since France had lost the rank which belonged to her in

Europe. Another duty of 2 per cent. formerly laid upon French vessels trading to the Levant, and intended for the support of the consuls, was retained, though the consuls had long since been paid by the department of foreign affairs. This duty, which affected only French subjects, was continued, while that of 20 per cent. upon foreigners was abolished, and hence resulted a new disadvantage to our merchants. Such is the effect of prohibitions; it is their opposition and discordance, by the lapse of time, which punishes monopoly, and makes it pay dearly for its past advantages.

As to the freedom of the port, it was almost useless, because it was no longer the only one of the kind in the Mediterranean; and as our colonies were lost, the entrepôt was no longer supplied. Lastly, it had become insupportable, because the barriers, which it placed between the territory of Marseilles and that of France, destroyed the particular connections which thirty years had contributed to establish. The small supplies required for the neighbouring country were subject to troublesome formalities. Manufactures besides had made at Marseilles, as they had done elsewhere, very considerable progress, and the barriers

became a great annoyance to their relations. Thus, while the freedom of the port was of little advantage to certain interests, it injured a great many others. Hence arose a conflict, which, after many disputes, and injurious recriminations which are never spared, terminated in the abolition of the freedom of the port, at the desire of the Marseillese themselves. It is worthy of remark, that in the committee composed of twenty members, chosen among the different commercial classes, there were but two voices in favour of maintaining an institution, which brought back none of its ancient advantages, and had retained only its inconveniences, which last were more sensibly felt after an interruption of thirty years.

There is, perhaps, no city in France where the conflict of opposite interests has been more violent, and more worthy of observation, and where the work of their reconciliation has been more rapid, than at Marseilles. These six years which have contributed so much to develop France, have effected a complete regeneration at Marseilles. After having attempted foreign commerce, after having experienced that it could never be anything like what it had once been, it took courage at the sight of some bold

manufacturers who came and settled in it, and it has now become as much a manufacturing as a commercial city. It was not, however, without many difficulties and unpleasant occurrences that manufactures have been introduced; that of artificial soda is a singular instance of it.

Marseilles has always furnished a great part of Europe with soap. The possession of oil, the vicinity of Spain and Sicily, which produce natural soda, had fixed on its territory this branch of industry, but it was necessary to obtain the natural soda from foreign countries, and it was not procured but at great expense, and never very pure. Our chemists had always thought of extracting it from sea salt, in which it is combined with muriatic acid. They succeeded under Louis XVI., who was the first protector of this rising branch of industry. Under the empire, the war preventing the importation of soda, some projectors came and settled at Marseilles, for the purpose of introducing this new process there. The advantages of it are now very striking, and are particularly suitable to Marseilles. First, sulphuric acid is poured on the sea salt; the muriatic acid is then disengaged, and spreads a vapour which has been the occasion of most violent decla-

mations, and been treated pretty much like a political opinion. After this first operation there remains only soda and sulphuric acid, which are again separated by chalk and charcoal. Fortunately it was discovered that the last product obtained contains some remains of sulphur, which it was formerly necessary to add; it affords a pure soda, without any mixture of potash, and the manufacturers are sure of the strength of the agent which they employ. The advantages of this manufacture are evident; the expense is infinitely less, and several accessory products of great value are obtained before they arrive at the pure soda. A variety of inert substances, which the country about Marseilles produces in abundance, such as fossil coal, chalk, plaster, lime, are employed; the sea salt, for which there was no market since our separation from Italy, is consumed in large quantities; numerous hands are employed, and lastly, this calcarious soil which produced at the most a few olives and figs, is turned to account. Can it be believed that such establishments should have met with the most violent opposition? First of all, they were formed under the empire; they were contemporaries of the sugar extracted from beet

root, and deserved to be proscribed as Bonapartists. They were the work of the chemists, of the new savans, and therefore vehemently suspected of a revolutionary spirit. They made it unnecessary for some merchants to import natural soda, and then they employed sulphuric acid. The linen put into this ley was said to inflame wounds; the faculty of Montpellier had fulminated a medical anathema against it; the whole country of Marseilles was devastated by the vapour of the muriatic acid; will it be credited, in short, that if it did not rain, if the soil was parched by drought, the exhalations of the new soda were accused? It was in vain some sensible persons said, there was no reason to be frightened at the presence of sulphuric acid: since there is muriatic acid in the salt that we eat, and the most noxious substances are neutralized by the manner in which they are combined; that the faculty of Montpellier had said nothing; that the ground on which the manufactories were erected was barren, and had nothing to suffer by the exhalation of vapours. Time alone has been able to allay the fermentation, and to correct public opinion. Seditions have taken place, innumerable actions have been brought by the neighbours, and damages to the

amount of one thousand francs have been given, in a cause, where the injury done to the vegetation was estimated at sixty francs. However, the unfortunate soda manufacturers now begin to have some repose; their most violent enemies already secretly participate in their enterprizes, and the tumult is appeased. Industry triumphs, manufactories of all kinds are establishing, and Marseilles, which thought itself ruined, is daily increasing in population, extent, and riches.

The settlement of many foreign merchants in the place, and above all, the fashion of sending young people abroad for their education, have contributed to enlighten the public mind. The famous *quand même* is remarkably modified, especially since the law on the prohibition of foreign grain. During the years of scarcity, Marseilles derived considerable advantages from the commerce with grain from the Crimea. A law passed in favour of the land holders, has prevented the importation of grain, and deprived the Marseillese of the advantages derived from this branch of trade. They then understood that it does not all come to the same thing, and they no longer said they would be con-

tented, *even if* they should be sacrificed to the great land owners.

Thus everything contributes to the progress of humanity; everything leads it to its inevitable object. The struggle of opinions, the opposition of the manufacturing and the commercial spirit, of the old and the new systems, have been all seen at Marseilles, which has offered in miniature the complete picture of the revolutions which France has undergone of late years. It will soon be one of the most enlightened and opulent cities in France, which will be the more to its credit, as its regeneration will have been effected in a few years. It is in the nature of the climate and the temperament of the inhabitants to do everything quickly, good as well as evil.

CHAPTER V.

LANGUEDOC—ROUSSILLON—THE FRONTIER OF SPAIN.

AS soon as you have quitted the plains of Provence, and entered into those of Languedoc, you are sensible of the vicinity of Spain; it almost begins there, and the Rhone may be said to be its boundary. You cross it at Arles, Beaucaire, or Avignon. That fine river, taking its sources in the glaciers of the Valais, reposes long in the delicious crescent of the Lake of Geneva; leaving that city, buried under ground, it rises again, bathing the walls of Lyons, Condrieux, l'Hermitage; having traversed at its origin protestant Geneva, it likewise passes through the apostolic Avignon, and the voluptuous Arles. This fine river, which has witnessed in succession the greatest excesses, is successively swelled by the waters of the Saone, the Isère, and the Durance, throws one of its arms across the

canal of the South, then communicates with the ocean by means of the Garonne, then empties itself into the Mediterranean, where it receives the Spaniards, conveys them to Beaucaire, and there lands them among the merchants who frequent its banks.

As soon as you have crossed it, you are struck by a new pronunciation. The girdle and the reddish brown bonnet thrown backwards already announce the costume of Catalonia. Proceeding along the sea-coast, always at the distance of two or three leagues inland, you successively pass through Nimes, with its amphitheatres, its bridge over the Gard, and its violent passions; the learned Montpellier with its elegant manners, its acute and steady character; at length you enter Roussillon, the ancient Narbonne is in sight, and Spain herself seems to appear. The old Romance language, which mixed with the Italian in Piedmont, with the French in Provence, with the Spanish in Languedoc, forms in turn the Piedmontese, the Provençal and the Languedocian, becomes here almost pure Catalonian. The women wear a light hood, which they fold in a square form on their heads when they are embarrassed by it, or suffer to hang

upon their shoulders when they wish to protect themselves from the violence of the mountain breezes. The men wear a long red cap, which hangs down the back, which I take to be a degenerated form of the net, in which the Catalonians envelope their hair. A short jacket, a red girdle folded several times round their loins, wide pantaloons, shoes or *sabots*, for they are not acquainted with *spartillas* here, form the rest of their dress. The large Moorish features are not yet distinguishable in their countenances, and their attitude is not haughty and proudly indolent like that of the Spaniards; it is lively and animated. Their taste for glaring colours, for red opposed to black, a taste so general in Spain, proves that they are fond of strong sensations. In short their resemblance to the Catalonians is accounted for, when we recollect that the Pyrenees rapidly decline between Catalonia and Roussillon, and that these two provinces were under the same dominion till the reign of Louis XIII.

Long before you arrive at the Pyrenees; you are struck with an extraordinary bustle; and it must be owned that if the duty of the army of observation had not been reduced to

that of being a sick nurse, the embarrassments would not have been overlooked. The continual convoys of powder and provisions; officers of all ranks sent on missions or joining their regiments; a continual dislocation of troops; drawing plans; questions proposed to young engineers, shew that nothing has been forgotten. Our war department has proved in the South that it at least understands grand military exhibitions, and that it is not its fault, if the twenty thousand men composing the sanitary cordon, do not produce the effect of ten thousand.

It may be supposed that amidst all this bustle, political conversations, conjectures and the question, "Will there be war or not?" are not spared: and though people are silent now, in almost the whole of France, when you come near the frontiers, at the sight of the Spanish monks, the political sentiments long suppressed find vent; the reticences accompanied with sighs cease, and every one becomes communicative. Formerly people were much less constrained, and the *affairs of the day* afforded full conversation to travellers, whenever they were fatigued by the length of the road and the slowness of the horses. This is no longer the case.

Are the French then become indifferent to the *affairs of the day*? I do not believe it. It seems to me, on the contrary, that their opinions have been remarkably formed by a discussion of six years, and I believe that they think more, though they say less. If you venture to say a word which recals certain subjects, or if you are passing through the birth-place of a minister, will you allow yourself to make the remark? Your neighbour replies by putting his head out at the coach door, and speaking of the fertility of the soil, and the fineness of the season. It appears to me that Mazarin, whose idea that a people who sing are ready to pay, would be dissatisfied now, and that he would rather hear the French speak than hold their tongues.

However, we can hold out no longer, even at Narbonne; and after having said a few words about a bad actor, the wonder of this country, at the sight of these black, white, grey, blue or brown monks, one must speak. At an inn where there was a throng of them, I heard at table the following conversation.

'Poor fellows!'

'Poor indeed!' exclaimed another voice, 'why did not they remain quiet at home?'

At those words every spoon was suspended,

all eyes are turned to the two interlocutors. I observe, and listen as well as the rest of the company.

'What, sir,' said the compassionate reasoner, 'should those unfortunate people stay to be put to death?'

'No, certainly, but why provoke it?'

'Ah! you are one of those reasoners.....but whatever you may say, France will not permit.....'

'What has France to do in such a quarrel; if she has given an asylum to the conquered, what can humanity require more?'

'What! France has no business to interfere—when our neighbour's house is on fire, shall we remain tranquil spectators?'

'But if this should be one of those fires which are increased by the attempts to put it out, why should we interfere?'

The speaker to whom this question was addressed, gave up the metaphor of the fire, which no longer pleased him, and dropping the figurative style, exclaimed, 'That the times of indifference were past, that the allied monarchs had unmasked egotism, and that France would not imitate the weak conduct which the crowned heads observed thirty years ago.'

'Heaven grant,' replied the other, 'that France may not imitate it! Did they not then make congresses, declarations, even *points?* Did they not come to Verdun? were they not there on the first of September 1792, and what happened on the second and third?'—

Here I expected a triumphant reply in favor of *points,* but the reasoner who was an enemy to indifference and a friend to interference suddenly replied: 'For the rest, Baron d'Eroles has twenty thousand men, he occupies all Cerdagne, the constitutionalists are defeated, and we shall soon see.....'

We shall soon see frightened me for Mina. I consoled myself however, on recollecting that twenty leagues off they gave Baron d'Eroles forty thousand soldiers, and that if so near to Perpignan they gave him only twenty thousand, at Perpignan itself they would perhaps give him only ten, and that coming nearer to the fact, he would perhaps at last have none at all. During this discussion, the landlady, a good woman with a pious look, and downcast eyes, appeared to be impatient; I thought that she was praying for the intervention in favor of the monks; but at last addressing me who had said nothing (for in this country they augur

well of those who are silent, and infer from it, that they are not of the opinion of the strongest) 'Sir,' said she 'it must be agreed that there are too many of these monks, and that a few less would be better; surely everybody prays, and nobody works in Spain?' I was surprised at these economical views in the good woman, who appeared to me very devout, but I soon perceived that the devotion of the place would have no objection to a reduction in this monkish militia, and I found it the same wherever these fugitives had been received.

CHAPTER VI.

PERPIGNAN.—THE SPANISH MONKS.

I ARRIVED at Perpignan on a remarkably fine and mild morning, and immediately walked through the town. It is an ancient place which was always fortified, because it is the passage between Roussillon and Catalonia. It is situated in a beautiful plain, bounded on the West by mount Canigou, one of the highest of the Pyrenees; to the North by the mountains of Corbieres; to the East by the sea, hidden behind fertile hills; to the South by the road to Catalonia. The temperature of the climate is entirely Southern. Some leagues from it, the orange grows in the open air, and in the very basin in which it stands, there are immense plantations of olives, which extend to the foot of Canigou. Thus while the summit of this mountain is buried under the snow, its base is covered with the finest productions of the South.

The fortifications of Perpignan are of brick, and their form and system are ancient. A skilful engineer has lately repaired a considerable part of them; he has replaced most of the towers by bastions; protected the ramparts against an enemy's fire by means of terraces or excavations; has made covered ways and out-works to protect the place at a distance. The citadel is now very strong; a triple inclosure renders it able to resist three attacks, and by its position it commands the town. The works were carried on with extreme activity during the latter end of the autumn, almost all the batteries were armed, the supplies of powder, cartridges, and provisions, were completing; wood was cutting in the country for making gabionades, and a park of field artillery was forming in a plain to the East of the town. A considerable number of waggons was already collected, and twenty or twenty-five pieces of cannon were placed on their carriages. Though these preparations are not so considerable as has been reported or believed, it is nevertheless equally desirable that the same were done in the fortresses on the Rhine, for it is probable that our real enemies are rather in the North than in the South. However, the works on the Perpignan are said

to be nothing more than the completion of plans long since made, for the repairs of our fortresses; and the expense does not perhaps amount to above 150,000 francs.

Perpignan is certainly not of so much political importance as Toulouse. This latter city with its Trappist, its two journals, its pious souls, is the centre of great meditation and vast projects; however Perpignan was for the moment a place of great interest, if not political yet picturesque, and I often wished for the pencil of Mr. Charlet, to paint the numerous fugitives with which it is filled.

The monks, who are the forerunners of every emigration, swarmed at Perpignan, and preceded the Regency. At Narbonne, I had already met the capuchins, with their ample brown flowing robe, their large hoods hanging down to the middle of the back, their rosary, and their head and feet bare. At Perpignan I saw monks of all colours; black, blue, white, grey, and reddish brown; the *curés* in large great coats, and immense French hats. You remark a singular habit in them when you meet them; they followed you with their eyes, as if ready to answer a question, and their extended hand seemed ready to bless you!

I soon learnt that in Spain, they bless all the *peasants, who prostrate* themselves before them, and I understood that they were inclined to be equally generous in France, as in their own country. Two of them, with whom I conversed, said carelessly, 'The Spaniards like it, and we give it them. In France they do not care for it, and we keep it to ourselves.' In general I did not find them very fanatical. They have a kind of indolence which excludes violent sentiments. They are very little affected by the diminution of the king's power, but the happy theocratic influence which they enjoyed has been disturbed. The convents of several of them have been visited, the majority has suffered for the crimes of a few, and they have fled; in no great hurry, however, and contented with the quiet and easy pace of their smiles.

The profession of a monk is very general in Spain, because it is easy, pleasant, and favours all kind of idleness. If a man has committed any irregularities, or if he is still more lazy than his lazy countrymen, he is received into a monastery, and displays his tranquil sanctity in the eyes of the people, who are glad to see the servants of God

multiply. A portion of the land is allotted for their support, and voluntary donations add considerably to their established income. This easy mode of life gives most of them a happy *embonpoint;* a lively red to their cheeks; effaces the fine lines of the Moorish countenance; renders those happy bodies difficult to be moved; and in their untroubled reign, takes from them even the hatred of heresy, the very name of which is unknown to them. In others the cloister appears to have made the complexion sallow, hollowed and inflamed the eyes, depressed the cheeks, and thus produced the ideal of fanaticism. I have never seen anything finer than some of these heads projecting from the large robes of the capuchins, with an ample forehead, a long straight nose, large black fixed eyes, a little strong and thick beard. Among them are those men, who by turns, monks and guerillas, have quitted the mountains since the return of Ferdinand, and now go back to them, to satisfy an ardent temperament, which under other institutions, would have shown itself in great actions, and noble enterprizes.

At Perpignan they are not pitied as they may be where they are not seen. The most

zealous partisans of the system which it is wished to preserve in Spain, dare not venture to express pity at these happy and quiet travellers; for the round faces of the greater number, and their little leather purses, make everybody easy with respect to them. I remarked especially the effects of the neighbourhood and presence of facts. At Perpignan nobody ventures to say, that religion is attacked, because Spain is deprived of these useless devourers; no one ventures to speak of their exemplary piety, of their austere sanctity; they themselves speak with singular *naïveté* of their own regime. At Perpignan, for instance, Mr. Mata-Florida is not a prince; Messieurs Gispert and Ortaffa are not excellencies; Baron d'Eroles has never been said to have forty thousand men; Misas is not a religious partisan of the mass, though he bears the name of it; the Trappist is not a miraculous and invulnerable man. While I was at Perpignan, these great personages were a frequent subject of conversation, and nowhere did more correct opinions prevail respecting them. I shall mention in the sequel, what these opinions were.

CHAPTER VII.

MOUNT CANIGOU.—THE ARMY OF THE FAITH.—THE GUERILLAS.

ONE of the finest sights that I met with in the Pyrenees, was that which struck me when I left Perpignan, to penetrate into the mountains. It was about six o'clock in the morning. The cold was severe, a violent and icy wind blew from the mountains of Capsir, which were covered with snow; and a young man of Roussillon with a short jacket, a hanging cap, a short and lively face, drove at a gallop four horses, which carried us round Mount Canigou. In our rapid course we beheld successively the summits of this fine mountain, which placed at the entrance of the Pyrenees, announces them in so striking a manner. The plain had not yet received a ray of the sun, when suddenly the top of Canigou was tinged with a rose coloured tint, which blending with the white of the snow, produced a shade inexpressibly soft.

This luminous band increasing as the sun gradually rose higher, the upper Pic seemed to enlarge in proportion as it was illumined. The whole mountain was speedily covered with light and purple; then all its forms, hitherto concealed by the darkness, became marked at once; all its projections rose, all its hollows seemed to be deeper, and it appeared to acquire a reality, which it had not. The cold, the wind, and our rapid motions, added to the effect of this fine scene; it was the motion in particular, which rendered it almost intoxicating. All the pleasure, however, was for the eye, the extreme cold affected the feelings too much to allow the mind to expatiate on the contemplation of external objects.

After having proceeded a long time round the foot of Canigou, the mountains of Capsir, which are at first in front of you, appear on the side. We then enter the defiles, the plain disappears, not to appear again, till a hundred leagues off, that is to say, at Bayonne. Advancing to the defiles which lead to Cerdagne, you find a people, who are entirely Spanish. The women whose faces are round and animated, wear a handkerchief, which spreading like a veil, at the back of the head, is fastened by two corners

under the chin, and hangs in a point over the shoulders. A bow of black ribband, tastefully fastened at the root of the hair, ornaments their forehead; their waist is strongly compressed by a corset laced in front; and they shew particular grace, when they perform, on a Sunday, those Spanish dances, which seem so voluptuous to strangers, who see them for the first time.

The men generally open the dance by themselves, then come the women who dance alone in their turn, after which the men join them, and lifting them on their hands, as upon a seat, make them describe a curve at one spring. The whole is performed to the sound of a strange music; a violin, a clarion, and a bagpipe, compose an orchestra, which is alternately rough, shrill, and grating, but which charms the ears of these good people, and fills them with life and spirit.

Prades is the first place at all considerable, that we meet after Perpignan, and is also the last. Carriages cannot go beyond that, and the only way of travelling is on horseback. At the moment of my arrival, news had been received of the late defeats of the Regency, and of the flight of the insurgents into the French

territory. I heard the mountaineers speaking of it with warmth, and with the fullest disposition to find something marvellous in it. Every one told his own story, but all spoke with wonder of the cavalry of Mina, which they said, *ran upon the points of the rocks.* Without however being so miraculous, it is certain, that this cavalry traverses the mountains with surprising rapidity and ease. They also announced the approach of several generals, the Regency itself, and above all, *el rey Mata-Florida*, so the peasants here called him.

I was anxious to get to the place where these celebrated insurgents were to be seen. After travelling very rapidly, towards night-fall, I met with the first encampment, in a small field, at the foot of the mountains, and in the midst of the snow. I never saw a more melancholy, and more original sight. It was distinguished at a distance by the floating standards of our lancers, who were placed as sentinels at the four corners of this itinerant village. Twelve or fifteen hundred poor creatures, men, women, children, and old people, were stretched upon the ground, with their baggage spread out; some were lying on a little straw, others added their clothes, and endeavoured to make beds of them.

All employed the little they had, crowding together with a confused noise, speaking a barbarous language, and displaying the most frightful uncleanliness. Some mules were fastened outside of the circle, their heads covered with ornaments, and their eyes with plates of copper, according to the Spanish fashion.

They had just received their rations, which they were greedily devouring. Some who were not so poor as the rest, had added a little salt meat, but the greater number washed it down with the water of the stream, which flowed at a little distance. The women, in particular, excited my compassion by an air of despondency and suffering, which was not seen in the men. I saw them taking their children from their backs and putting them to the breast, to give them milk. The poor creatures, heated by fatigue, exhausted by a long journey, surprised by a new country, and especially by an inclemency of climate, unknown on the South side of the Pyrenees, seemed to be the exclusive victims of the evils of civil war, and paying the penalty of the turbulent dispositions of their husbands. The latter were not melancholy; like defeated fanatics, nothing seemed to give them any uneasi-

ness but hunger; and I saw this uneasiness disappear in most of them, in proportion as their ammunition bread was devoured. They then threw themselves one after the other on the ground on which they reposed, like real brutes, who have done everything when they have lived a day.

Their features and their costume struck me extremely. I fancied myself suddenly transported in the midst of a scene which had often impressed me when a child, that of the shores of the Mediterranean, peopled with natives of Eastern countries. The resemblance of the races is striking. I found here two kinds of countenances: some had large black eyes, a short forehead, a large nose, a tawny complexion, and black hair: the others black and tawny like the first, had compact faces, flattened features, crisp hair, and seemed to me to have a great affinity with the Arabs. They are generally of a middle stature, and by no means upright: it was evident from the bending in their loins and knees, from their quick and elastic step, that they were more accustomed to run upon the mountains than to form regular ranks, to hold their heads up, and their arms extended. Their costume was singularly

characteristic; they wore like the natives of Roussillon, a long cap, a short jacket, and instead of wide trowsers, short close breeches coming down to the knees, gaiters terminating at the instep; lastly, *spartillas*, a kind of sandals with a cork sole, and fastened by strings passing over the foot. I here speak of the complete costume, for most of them had neither cap, nor jacket, nor *spartillas*. A pair of breeches half worn out covered them from the waist to the knees, and a plaid of a thousand variegated colours supplied the place of the garments which they wanted.

After having observed for some time this deplorable sight of a population, displaced without legitimate reasons, without hope of success, and without means of support, I turned aside, and resumed my way across the mountains. The roads were covered with the poor stragglers who had remained behind. To these were added officers, monks, curés, students with the large Aragonese hat, and the gown tucked up: these latter, however, were in a different situation from the poor wretches that I had just quitted. I am not disposed to aggravate the injustice of a state of things which is sufficiently iniquitous in itself; but I must say it, because all who were witnesses of it felt as I did, that

these monks were far from suffering like the victims of their revolt. Some had joined families who travelled with them, and appeared to serve them. I remarked among these groups, generally consisting of three or four individuals, an over-grown personage, who had neither the hardy vigour of a man, nor the interesting weakness of a woman, wrapped up in a cloak, and riding comfortably on a mule, while at his side an unfortunate mother was walking painfully on foot, her face and hands red with the cold, and making use of all her clothes to cover the child which she held in her arms. The officers were disarmed, and shabbily dressed; they wore little plumes of various colours, and some of them rode excellent horses.

In the midst of this melancholy scene, I was much struck with a young man, dressed in rather a handsome uniform, and well mounted, who though unarmed, was distinguished by a loftiness and grace entirely African, put his horse on all his paces, and seemed to amuse himself with the road and the fugitives. I could not help admiring this indifference in the midst of civil war, and became sensible, how easy it is to call into the field, a people who have neither industry, nor a taste

for the arts, to employ them, or to attach them to good order and tranquillity.

This is the state of a great part of Spain. Industry having made no progress, all classes of the inhabitants seek in the mountains that occupation which they cannot find in the towns. Of this I had occasion to satisfy myself in the evening, in the first town where I sought an asylum. Such as had not been able to reach the encampment had dispersed themselves in the habitations whose owners were willing to receive them, and warmed their feet round a great fire, before they went to rest among the horses and cows. By the light of this fire I observed them one after the other, and by means of signs, and a slight acquaintance with the patois of Roussillon, assisted by the landlord's interpretation, I asked them some questions. Some were hunters, others shepherds, and others called themselves traders. I was wondering how it was possible that these men could have anything to do with trade, when I learnt, that to trade meant, in the language of the country, to convey contraband goods across the mountains, the snows, and the lines of the custom-house. I soon saw of what calibre these soldiers were. I spoke to them of the faith, and of the king, but they

seemed unmoved. The names of their chiefs affected them more, which is natural enough, for in them they had something known and real. The name of the Baron d'Eroles gave them considerable animation. This general, without any appearance of heroism about him, or without having led them on to victory, has succeeded in captivating their imaginations, perhaps because he shews himself rather less than the others. They see in him a mysterious intelligence, and a particular gift, which in their ignorance they define by the word *direction! direction!* repeated with emphasis.

This ignorant, violent, lazy, and poor people, must be employed and fed, until they become sensible of the advantages which industry procures; but until they acquire a home and the means of regular subsistence, they will fly with joy to the first signal which is given them from the mountains. We need not therefore be at all surprised at the facility with which the Regency of Urgel has drawn some villages into insurrection. But if insurrection is easy, the case is otherwise as to its success and duration. In fact, when the Regency thought proper to appoint ministers and generals, and to attempt a regular campaign, it was beaten. It will be said that it might have done against Mina what

the Cortes of Cadiz did against Bonaparte. To this there is but one reply. These guerillas, who have risen for a moment in the Pyrenees, are good for nothing against their own countrymen, in whom there is nothing to excite their passions; on the contrary, the sight of a stranger, differing from themselves in language, dress, and countenance, animates them even to fury. These differences are unpardonable in their eyes, and they pursue them with extreme inveteracy. Add to this the fine uniforms, handsome arms, gorgets, and brilliant buttons, to pillage from foreigners; and there are more than sufficient reasons to make them fight in every defile in Spain. Besides they have an advantage over the enemy, which they have not over their countrymen, sobriety, and a perfect acquaintance with the country and its localities. These guerillas, who are so weak against Mina, will therefore be very formidable to foreigners. Providence seems to have ordained, that when it gave men a country, they should be able to preserve it, and with that view to have given them an irresistible force on their own soil. There is a great deal of meaning in the fable which says, that a giant on touching his mother earth, acquired from it new and terrible strength.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEFILES OF MOUNT-LOUIS.—THE REGENCY OF URGEL.

I HAVE already said that on quitting Prades, you enter into narrow and majestic defiles, which lead you by a road of twenty or twenty-five leagues into the valley of Cerdagne. I had passed Prades, Ville franche, and Olette, where I stopped one night. I left it in the morning, after having with great difficulty procured a mule and a guide. The sky was dark and stormy; an impetuous wind blew through the defiles with extreme violence; it was so strong that the large sheets of slate, with which the cottages are negligently covered in this country, were falling at every gust; and while my guide was arranging the modest trappings of my mule, three or four of these slates fell and were broken to pieces close to him, and had nearly killed him. I left Olette as soon as I was able, and took the road to Mount-Louis. There the

mountains draw closer together and rise: you enter a narrow passage, which is frightful from the dimension of its forms, and the irregularity which distinguishes it. The road is cut out on the side of the rocks, at one third of their height, and allows room for one mule at most. Above are inaccessible eminences, below are torrents, and beyond are other mountains, which are connected with those round which you are going. The scene is most diversified. Sometimes you rise and seem to command the abyss, at others you descend, and seem to have it over your head. Sometimes, following the sinuosities of the defile, you come into an obscure inclosure, apparently without an outlet, then suddenly doubling a point, you discover an unexpected and immense prospect; vast amphitheatres of dazzling snow, black pines, and a succession of mountains which crowd together and lock into each other. The confusion of cubic and broken masses of lime-stone, blocks of granite, the schistus detached in slabs or broken into little flakes, added to the loud roaring of the rapid torrents, the disorder of the winds, and of the pressed and rent clouds, afford a perfect picture of chaos. Never did the confu-

sion of the elements appear to me more awful, even in the midst of a storm at sea.

I advanced with difficulty, obliged at intervals to alight, that I might not be thrown down by the wind, and to warm myself by walking; my guide and myself frequently placed ourselves under the shelter of a rock, in order to recover breath, while the tempest was raging. When it was allayed, we proceeded again, with our bodies bent forward and our heads held down, to make our way against the violent pressure of the air. The cold penetrated with the wind through the closest garments, and at every gust I felt as if plunged into some frozen medium.

On this day, and during this dreadful storm, I met still more fugitives than the day before. Not a monk, not a woman, had ventured to set out. Those who had no families with them, were conducted in bands by some of our soldiers. The poor wretches wrapped themselves up as well as they could; fortunately for them they had the wind on their backs, and impelled by it, ran along the narrowest paths with extreme agility.

My guide had told me when we set out, that

we should meet *el rey Mata-Florida*. In fact, the pages of the Regency soon announced his approach. I must make my reader acquainted with these pages, who have been spoken of with so much complacency, as well as the portmanteaus, containing the archives of the Regency. I saw horsemen pass me, in bands of three or four together, upon horses which were lean indeed, and ill-shaped, but excellent, for they galloped on the snow, and along the paths, with a security, I might almost say infallibility, which was truly surprising. Their equipment was worthy of the place, of the men, and of the army to which they belonged. Some had old caps, very much worn; others rusty helmets, or little round hats, with short plumes of various colours. They had uniforms, or Catalonian jackets, sometimes pantaloons and shoes, but for the most part gaiters and *spartillas*, and no spurs. Some had no saddles, or any other harness than a halter. We met from sixty to eighty of these horsemen, of whom there were, perhaps, twelve or fifteen who were well equipped, and wrapped in good blue cloaks, escorting officers, whom I took for the members of the Regency; for I should have liked it to have had this military appear-

ance. My guide undeceived me, assuring me that this was not the Regency, but that I should soon see *el rey Mata-Florida*. I shall not forget that when a Frenchman wished to buy some of the horses, an officer of the Faith begged him to desist, because he said the horses did not belong to those who rode them. In fact he went round to hinder the peasants from making any bargains with the fugitives, who were very eager to dismount, in order to sit down to table.

At last I met the long-expected Regency! At this time, the wind instead of raising the sand and pebbles, was driving before it thick snow and little sharp icicles, which adhered to the face. We were climbing a flight of steps, which extending along the side of a hill, turned towards its summit and descended on the opposite side. On a sudden I saw a horseman at the summit of the path, who turned the point, and advanced towards us, with a truly martial air. He was an old dragoon, enveloped in an immense cloak, and resembling those warriors represented in Wouverman's battle-pieces. After him, came a foot soldier, leading two good horses by the bridle. We were in our turn doubling the point, and

descending by the opposite flight of steps, when I perceived a group of several individuals, who appeared to ascend it with difficulty on foot. A man between fifty and sixty years of age, of middle stature, pale, thin and stooping, with his eyes red; wearing a black cap, and a brown great coat, was leaning upon two other persons, and apparently dragging himself along with the greatest difficulty. My guide at this sight called out to me: '*El rey, el rey Mata-Florida.*' At these words, I looked more attentively at this person, who was proceeding with so much difficulty. His situation was truly calculated to excite compassion. I could not help regretting the ambitious and turbulent humour, which had thrown a man of his age, destitute of genius or energy, amidst the hazards of a civil war, and the difficulties of the winter and the mountains. His suite was not less characteristic: three or four mean-looking and ill-dressed individuals walked by his side; these were the great officers of the Regency. One of them who was pretty far advanced in years, very tall, wearing an enormously large French hat, covered with oil-skin, and carrying a bundle under his arm, kept a little on one side;

he was a minister, I know not of what department. Behind him was a tall capuchin, in a long robe, who seemed to represent the altar near the throne. Lastly, a few steps behind them, came a young man in a green cloak, with several capes, dressed completely in the French fashion, rather stout, and of a very remarkable appearance. I was told he was the son of the Marquis Mata-Florida. The wind blowing violently at the time, both parties stopped, and I had sufficient time to examine this fugitive court. They watered their horses at a little stream, which issued from the sides of the mountain, and which flowed under a thick covering of ice that had been broken. After this we both continued our respective routes.

Immediately after, two mules appeared laden with four portmanteaus, From the condition of the rest of the army, I saw that none but the king and the ministers could be the possessors of the portmanteaus, and I presumed that they must contain their wardrobe. I should have looked at them with much greater respect, if I had known, as certain journals have since related, that they contained the archives of the Regency. A government,

which after four months existence, already possesses four portmanteaus full of archives, must be allowed to be very industrious, and it is only lawyers, who could make such productive monarchs.

CHAPTER IX.

MEMBERS OF THE REGENCY.—MATA-FLORIDA.—THE MINISTERS.—BARON D'EROLES.

IT is certain that we must not judge of merit by outside shew, and that a very false estimate would have been made of the genius and bravery of our Vendeans, by judging upon that principle; but it must also be acknowledged that, in circumstances of much more importance, the Regency of Urgel is not what it ought to be. Mata-Florida was but a few years ago, a very obscure lawyer at Madrid, who drew up, or at least signed, the address presented in 1814 by the sixty-nine to Ferdinand, petitioning him to abolish the constitution of the Cortes. This address, which commenced by quoting a Persian custom, obtained for its authors the name of *Persians*, and introduced some of them to the favour of Ferdinand. Mata-Florida was particularly distinguished, created a marquis, and afterwards made a minister; which is not surprising in times of

revolution, when people so soon rise from nothing. He was in the ministry in 1820, when the events of the island of Leon obliged Ferdinand to accept the constitution, and to change his ministers. Mata-Florida soon after left Madrid, and having since repaired to the mountains of Catalonia, has all at once made himself regent and prince, and in the imagination of the people is almost a king. In fact, this is the only title given him in the mountains. Two citizens, one of Perpignan, and the other of Ille, a small town in its neighbourhood, both long since expatriated, happening to fall in with Mata-Florida, first became his secretaries; then, certain journals styling them ministers, they accepted the title, and called themselves excellencies. In this manner was this Regency formed, and by the aid of distance, it has appeared to be something; but it never had any real importance, except in the minds of the combatants whom it excited.

At Perpignan, the inhabitants laughed outright, when they saw the journals of the capital speak as they did of persons, whom they knew so well, and who were so suddenly elevated into power and celebrity. They justly remarked that to produce an effect on the

Spanish nation, and to inspire it with confidence, the Regency ought to have been very differently constituted. A few leaders of guerillas, either unknown, or celebrated only for atrocious cruelties; an old lawyer, a monk, and two obscure citizens, are not calculated to give confidence to a whole nation, or to acquire the respect of the other nations of Europe, which had their eyes fixed on this insurrection.

Among these insurgents, there is only one man worthy of remark, whom I have already mentioned, but whose merits are of a kind entirely out of place in the ranks in which he combats; this is the Baron d'Eroles, whom all Spain is astonished to see in the anti-constitutional army. He is said to be nearly forty years of age. He formerly studied the law, with great credit, and had hardly finished his studies, when he declared for the Cortes of Cadiz, and commanded a small army which fought for the independence of Spain, and the preservation of the constitution of 1812. He acted with considerable skill as a partisan, but in this respect he is far inferior to Mina. There he began that career, which is said not at all to suit him, though he has much personal bravery; namely, that of a chief of guerillas. He has a

mind too lofty to suit the command of these half savages, and he has not the genius of a Mahomet to deceive and to lead them at his will. He is of middle size, squints a little, and otherwise destitute of the qualities that can strike vulgar imaginations. French officers who were made prisoners by him at Figuères, during the last war, and who spoke in high terms of the treatment they received, have seen him covered with all kinds of arms, to add to his military appearance; but they affirm that he carried the carbine, the sabre, and pistol, awkwardly, and that in spite of his endeavours, he never could make himself look like a chief of banditti.

It is asserted, that he was one of the Spanish generals who was always well known to be in favor of the constitution, and that he was actually in disgrace for his opinions. He was a considerable time at Montpellier before the events of the Island of Leon; and it was supposed that it certainly could not be the favour of the court which induced him to banish himself so long. At that time he gave all who became acquainted with him, a high idea of the acuteness of his understanding and the moderation of his

85929

opinions. Having been asked to use his influence in favour of some *afrancesados*, who wished to return to their own country, he assured the applicants that he could do nothing himself, and although he pointed out the means that might be tried, he professed to despair of obtaining anything of an ignorant and unjust court. Those who knew him then, and even his own countrymen, have been quite astonished at his becoming the general of the Regency. They regretted, that with the talents of a statesman, he should have condemned himself to become a leader of banditti, and should have abandoned the cabinet for the mountains.

Perhaps in a regular army Baron d'Eroles might exhibit true genius; but in the midst of chiefs who regard themselves as the proprietors of the scanty troops which they have assembled, who do not understand a general's plans, or refuse to submit to him, how can he mature plans, or ever get them executed? incessantly counteracted, disobeyed, and envied, he can never organise these rebels, who are as untractable towards those who employ them, as towards those against whom they have revolted.

One of those generals, or chiefs, by which-

ever name they may be called, who was at Cabanes at the same time, complained bitterly of the Regency, and of its principal general d'Eroles; he boasted of his own delicacy and good faith, reproached himself with not having taken care of his own interests, as all the rest had done; he pretended that the army was devoted to him alone, because he charged at its head, instead of shutting himself up to form plans, like d'Eroles; and that he would return to Spain, with five or six hundred devoted followers, raise contributions, as his colleagues had done, and come afterwards and enjoy the fruits of his expedition, under the shelter of the Pyrenees.

These mean expressions, which he let drop amidst the fumes of the wine, while surrounded by a barbarous soldiery, and by the side of Frenchmen, who heard him without answering, clearly showed the ideas which are floating in these heads, and the real sentiments which animate the pretended defenders of the Faith. It is impossible for them ever to agree, to concert with each other, or to submit to a more able chief; they will blame him, accuse him, deny the propriety of his measures, and the reality of his talents. The mountains and the untractable

guerillas, who inhabit them, do not in fact admit of extensive and combined plans. There everything is concentrated in each defile, and in the chief who commands the hundred or two hundred men, who lie in ambush.

CHAPTER X.

CERDAGNE.—BOURG-MADAME.—PUYCERDA.—SKIRMISHES BETWEEN THE TWO SPANISH PARTIES.

CABANES is a village situated along the road which passes at the foot of Mount-Louis. This last is a small fortress which was taken by the Spaniards at the beginning of the war of the Revolution, and held by them for a considerable time. The defiles of which I before spoke open here, and form a first basin, the bottom of which is still at a great elevation above the sea. This bottom is very unequal in its surface, and on one of its eminences is erected Mount-Louis, of which I have just spoken. Thence you pass by the *Col de la Perche* into the immense basin of Cerdagne. An idea may be formed of the nature of the road, from the fact, that the convoys of bread for the troops cannot be conveyed to Bourg-Madame in less than

two days. It is true that they are drawn by oxen, but then the distance from Mount-Louis to Bourg-Madame is only five leagues. The snow lay several feet deep in Cerdagne at the time that I was there; and in the corners, where there was an eddy of wind, enormous masses of it were collected. The high mountains were entirely covered with it; not more than a few strips of rocks, either perpendicular or sheltered, were clear of it, which appeared quite black, by their contrast with the splendour of the surrounding snow.

The morning that I left Mount-Louis the sky cleared up, and the thick vapours which had obscured it for many days seemed about to disperse; the clouds rising from the plain suffered the clear blue sky to appear, and accumulated in a recess of the mountains in black and livid masses. The sun began to illumine this immense desert of ice, and diffused a warmth, which was hardly sensible; but even light without heat afforded us pleasure. The sight roused me from a kind of lethargy, when suddenly I heard military music, mingled with the sharp and shrill sounds of the trumpet, which echoed from rock to rock, I was struck with surprise, and listened with delight to those French notes, in the mid-

dle of a country which had long ceased to remind me of France. I looked round to discover whence the sound of the music proceeded, for I nowhere saw any musicians, when I perceived, at a distance, some points of bayonets, advancing in files, in a hollow of the snow; I did not even see the soldiers' caps, but only the tops of their arms. I hastened to the hollow, and saw one of our regiments which was changing its quarters, and on the march, surrounded by the fugitive bands of the Faith.

I took the opposite route, and proceeded towards Cerdagne, from whence this regiment came. On the way I witnessed a singular effect of the vapours rising from the ground into the air. The immense basin which I had before me was surrounded by the highest mountains. Upon every acclivity, rose masses of white vapour, in the form of a kind of flame, which appeared clearly defined, even on the white ground of the snow. These flame-like vapours were not waving, but motionless, like stalactites, or like those flames which are sculptured upon marble urns. From time to time some part of them separated, and rose lightly into a clear and very cold sky. While en-

joying this scene, I arrived at the *Col dë la Perche,* which is a kind of slope made across a rather low ledge of rocks. This ledge separates Mount-Louis from the basin of Cerdagne. A cold and cutting wind blew in our faces, but did not prevent me from contemplating the fine hollow which composes Cerdagne, upon which the eyes of France and Europe have been lately so anxiously directed. This basin is bounded on the North by the *Col de la Perche;* on the West by the mountains of *Carol,* and on the South by those of the *Seu d'Urgel,* which formed a back ground, the great elevation of which had a grand and picturesque effect. The Segre, a small river, crosses it from North to South, and constitutes in part the division between the French and Spanish parts of Cerdagne. This division, however, is not very accurate, and in some places, the respective territories run into each other, so as to render it very difficult to distinguish the frontier line. It is there that for a whole year, our troops have been condemned to unremitting vigilance, on account of the presence of the two Spanish parties, who were constantly fighting. The guarding of the frontier, has been nowhere so troublesome, as at this point; for further on, is Andorre, which is

neutral; the valley of Aran, which being surrounded by very high mountains, has never been occupied by either party; still farther on are the higher Pyrenees, almost inaccessible; lastly, Navarre, and Bayonne, which have been in turn important points, but much less so than Cerdagne, because the Regency was not there. The general attention has therefore been concentrated on this basin, and the two banks of the little river Segre.

In coming from the *Col de la Perche*, we first reach Sallaghouse, then *les Guinguettes*, now called Bourg-Madame. This town is on the very bank of the Segre, and communicates by a small wooden bridge with the other bank, which is Spanish. The bridge is composed of two beams, which will give an idea of the breadth of the stream which it crosses. On the other side, and on the Spanish bank, is a narrow and rather steep road, which in eight or ten minutes, brings you to a plain gate, which seems like the entrance to some old farm-house. It is however that of the town of Puycerda, which is thus placed upon an eminence, within musket shot of Bourg-Madame.

Not far from this, ascending the Segre, above Puycerda and Bourg-Madame, and far advanced

into the French territory, by which it is nearly surrounded, is the little town of Livia, which is, however, Spanish by its manners and government. This singular confusion of boundary is a great advantage to the smugglers, who are far from complaining of it. A neutral road leads from Livia to the Spanish territory. It is between these three points, Livia, Puycerda and Bourg-Madame, and on the two banks of the Segre, that the most frequent and severe skirmishes have taken place between the two Spanish parties.

Our soldiers received the vanquished, disarmed them, and then conducted them to the lazzarettos, where they were obliged to perform quarantine for a certain time. These hospitals were composed of a barn and a small field, within which those under quarantine were confined. It may be imagined how difficult it was to keep men used to roam about the mountains, in this state of captivity. Our troops were always on the alert to prevent them from spreading over the French territory, or from rising against the sentinels. A brave officer, who guarded some hundreds of them, was one night informed, that they intended to murder the sentinel, to surprise his

company in their sleep, and disarm them, and then fly with their arms. The officer remained up with all his people, and the Spaniards, much surprised when they rosé, to find their guards awake, returned very submissively into the little field which served as their abode.

The most violent scenes daily occurred on the banks of the river. The constitutional troops were continually quarelling with the soldiers of the Faith, who were under quarantine on the French bank. The former, who were almost all in good condition, and some of whom appeared to be in very good circumstances, used to say to the French; "See, we are the nation, we have something to fight for, and to lose; as for those nameless vagabonds, who only seek to plunder, leave them to us, and we shall soon settle matters."..... They were prevented however from coming to blows, and then both parties loaded each other with abuse. The constitutionalists put their hands in their pockets, and taking out a piece of money, held it up, saying to the royalists, "*Rascals! shew us as much.*" The latter only answered by taking up stones, and throwing them at their enemies; "There," said they, "that's for you, rascals! who will have neither God

nor king." Our soldiers were then obliged to interfere to prevent them from fighting.

The two most celebrated chiefs of bands, in Cerdagne, and with whom our officers have had most frequent intercourse, are Misas and Miralhès. What is told of these chiefs is worthy of the most sanguinary civil war.

Miralhès is a farmer of Cerbera, very rich from the extent of his estates and the number of his servants. He was living quietly on his property, when he was told that the Faith was menaced, and the throne in danger. He immediately assembled the peasants of the country, marched towards La Seu d'Urgel and joined the army of the Faith. Miralhès is near fifty, with a pretty good figure and a true Spanish countenance, very ignorant, but possessed of great natural good sense, in short the most honest and sincere fanatic that can be conceived. This extraordinary man, although continually surrounded by robbers and assassins, has, however, exhibited the strictest probity, and the greatest moderation to the subjects of the opposite party; and he has proved by his conduct amid so many bad examples, that there are natural dispositions, truly virtuous. This worthy Spaniard is the tutelary genius of the oppressed

Cerdagne, and has exerted himself to oppose his beneficent influence to that of the terrible Misas, who is to this country the genius of evil. Wherever this brave man showed himself at the head of his peasantry, mounted on a great farm-horse, with his net, his jacket, and his spurs over his *spartillas*, confidence and security returned. He paid for everything he took, and never levied forced contributions, by threatening to burn the country, if payment was refused. Indignant at the extortions of his colleagues, he has sometimes threatened to retire to his estates, but his zeal in a cause which he considers sacred has always prevented him. One day he came to Bourg-Madame, and desired to speak with an officer whom he had frequently consulted, and in whose judgment he had great confidence. The good man was quite in despair, as his colleague, in order to finish matters more quickly, wanted to set fire to the country, and he did not know how to act. The officer advised him not to yield, and rather to drive away the barbarian, with whom he had to do; he followed this advice, and the country was saved for some days from a merciless enemy.

I have heard our officers, who in general feel

the greatest disgust at the scenes they have witnessed, and detest the chiefs of these bands as they deserve, say with warmth, that if ever they go into Cerdagne, they will pay a visit to this generous insurgent, who is perhaps the only one of them all, who is conscientiously steadfast in the cause, and whose heart is as good as it is noble.

It is here that our poets and novelists should come to look for models of costume, manners and characters; for the rest of Europe is almost all softened down into general uniformity by the progress of civilization, and shows everywhere else only a tolerably happy and tranquil state of society. In the mountains of Spain is especially to be found that dramatic and original barbarism, which I certainly do not mean to prefer to Swiss prudence, but which rouses the imagination, and offers it grand features to study. As a contrast to the virtuous Miralhès, we have Misas, with quite different manners and character. His name is Costa; that of Misas is only a nickname, which has been given him on account of the contributions which he levied for the *mass*, which in Spanish is called *misas*. He has grown old in the mountain service; he com-

mands *caçadores*, while the followers of Miralhès are only peasants.

He has with him, for his inspiring dæmon, a very learned monk, who speaks several languages, and is always at his side to act as an interpreter. This singular compound of intelligence and ferocity is well known in Cerdagne, where they spread general terror. The following story will give an idea of their insolence.

Misas came one day, with his companion, to the banks of the Sègre, and appeared on the little bridge which leads from Puycerda to Bourg-Madame. He told the sentinel he wished to speak to the commanding officer. That officer happening to be absent, his substitute proposed to answer for him. Misas wore a small cap thrown backward; his frock was unbuttoned, and a handkerchief carelessly tied round his neck, was fastened at the breast by a ring; he wore, according to the Catalonian fashion, a flower in his button-hole, and another in his mouth. Advancing towards the officer, he said to him boldly, 'Do you understand Castilian?'

'I understand Castilian,' replied the officer, 'but I can only speak French.'

The monk repeated this answer. 'Well,'

said Misas, 'I demand an account of the muskets which the French have taken from the Spaniards of the Faith, and burnt; and also that the cartridges and ammunition which are in Bourg-Madame, be given up to me.'

'The muskets have been burnt,' replied the French officer, 'in obedience to our orders; if they had not been burnt, *General Misas* should not have them; and as for the cartridges, and ammunition, he shall not have them either.'

The monk interpreted this reply, which was delivered in a firm tone. Misas, who was somewhat intoxicated, cried out with vehemence: 'What! Frenchman, you say I shall not have the ammunition? I will yet have both you and your grenadiers, for the holy cause which I defend.' Some of our soldiers having come up; 'Do you hear him,' said the officer, 'general Misas says he will have you.' 'Stop, captain,' said the soldiers, who were about take aim at him, when the captain prevented them. Misas then retired, uttering a thousand insulting expressions.

These facts and many others prove that the army of the Faith placed extraordinary reliance upon France. They repeated every day when they saw the French, "*These are our friends.*"

They murmured loudly against the Regency, when at the taking of Puycerda, our troops did not cross the frontier, and fire their cannon for them. The fugitives entered our territory with the greatest confidence, and seemed to anticipate the kindest reception. However, the plain ration of bread, which was first given them, surprized them a little, and they seemed to expect more. Another fact has particularly surprized those persons who were acquainted with the intelligence and ability of the Baron d'Eroles; and that is, to see him engaged in a cause which was desperate from the very beginning. Knowing that he is not fanatically devoted either to the throne or to the altar, they can account for his conduct only by the hopes which he may have conceived of receiving powerful assistance. However, what is now passing would prove that he has not calculated amiss, and that he has had reason to expect considerable support.

CHAPTER XI.

SPANISH CHARACTER.—THE TAKING OF PUYCERDA.

I BELIEVE that the Spanish nation is one of the best endowed by nature which exists. Its temperament is ardent, and for that reason it requires more than any other that nature should be improved by education. No people rush upon their enemy with greater violence, nor does any one fly with more precipitation; none are more proud and haughty, I may even say, more insolent; none are more humble in their submission; all the Spanish fugitives who were in our territory, terrified by their late defeat, saluted the French whom they met on the road with extraordinary humility. Who does not see in all these points, the impulses of an imagination, which, left to itself, is by turns courageous or cowardly, proud or submissive? It is the same with all ardent and violent people, the Italians, Egyptians, Turks, &c.

We need but examine those fine countenances, those lively gestures, those ardent eyes, to see that nature has a predilection for these sensible beings, and that there is in them a powerful spring, disposed to strong re-action. They will unquestionably be most intelligent and most eager in the pursuit of any object; but their intelligence wants to be enlightened, and an equable impulse to be given to their energies. In their present state, however, the Spaniards are of all people, that which, with the greatest need of education, has the least, and which has remained most backward in the career of European civilization.

They have the credit of possessing great perseverance, but I believe that people have been deceived, in imputing to their character the duration of a resistance, which is owing to their situation. The Spaniards expelled the Moors, they repulsed Bonaparte, and it has been inferred from this, that they are the most obstinate of mankind. What they have done once, I certainly think they would do again, and that foreigners would be as ill received now as on former occasions; but I must explain why. The Spaniards were the first in Europe who favoured manufactures; but the discovery of

the new world stopped them at once. Possessing gold and silver, they were contented to purchase everything from other countries, and made nothing themselves. They have become lazy and indolent, and have sunk into profound ignorance. I will here make a remark which has struck me. Industry was communicated from the South to the North, and now the North begins to return it to the South. The same has been the case with liberty, the interchanges of which have been still more frequent. She advanced from the South to the barbarian North; she returned to us from the North in the last century; and now perhaps she will be sent back from the South to the subjugated North.

The Spaniards have, therefore, remained behind hand, have not cultivated their lands, and have established no manufactures; they have despised those whom they paid, for by a strange mistake, it is common enough for him who buys and pays, to fancy himself above him, who sells and receives. Ignorance has combined with these causes to make them despise other people whom they did not visit, and with whose progress they were unacquainted. Their priests have told them, that to think

differently from them, was absurd and contemptible; and they have believed them. Even without being fanatical, they have detested all who differed from them in ideas and religious belief; they have become almost as exclusive as the Jews formerly were, and they bear towards foreigners a hatred, mingled with pride and contempt.

Such is the first cause of the bad reception which foreigners will always meet with from the Spaniards. There is another cause for the deadly war, which they will always wage against them in every defile of the Peninsula. It is their poverty, as well as a want of all the comforts which attaches men to their home and to repose. I have already mentioned this, in speaking of the guerillas. A temperate people, who have no wants, no harvest to reap, no home to regret, and who with a miserable fowling-piece can often procure what they have not at home, will always be ready to make war, and to repel invasion. They hate foreigners, and this is the cause of their rising. They gain more than they lose by following the trade of a partisan, and that is the cause of their perseverance. The duration of the struggle is here less the effect of a

persevering character, than of a decided taste for war. The perseverance which is attributed to the Spaniards would be in contradiction to their well known impetuosity; for man cannot have everything at once, both warm and durable affections.

They would do no less now, than they did ten years ago, because their situation is the same, and they have not in the interval acquired greater affection for foreigners, or a greater desire for repose. We must therefore deplore the imprudence which would lead our young fellow citizens into a country, where the experienced valour of our oldest soldiers was completely foiled.

We may say that one man is more or less courageous than another, but we cannot say so of a hundred, for as soon as you form a mass, it contains all kinds of tempers, and presents the same chances of strength and weakness. Between one mass of men and another, there is but one difference, namely, the discipline and organization of the whole, and the passion of the moment. I believe therefore that a hundred of the fugitives of the Faith, who have almost always fled, are as brave as a hundred of the constitutionalists, who have always beaten

them. All the difference between them is, that the constitutionalists are organized, have ranks, leaders, and an object in view; whereas, the soldiers of the Faith, assembled by adventurers or intriguers, without order, and above all without zeal, being actuated by distress alone, cannot but fly before the regular bodies of their enemies.

This is what they did at Puycerda, in a manner which would appear strange, but for what I have said. The Regency had long since left Puycerda and retired to Livia. Not feeling very secure even in the neighbourhood of our territory, which surrounded them on all sides, they went, it is said, to pass the nights at Stavar, a small French village situated at some distance from Livia. Every morning they returned to encourage their troops, and to resume the government of Spain. The evening before, news had been brought of the approach of an advanced division of Mina. This division consisting of a thousand or twelve hundred men, came up on the 28th of November, at nine o'clock in the morning. It was commanded by Count Linati, a Piedmontese, who had served in the French army with distinction. On his arrival at Puycerda, he divided his

small detachment into three corps, and after a single discharge of musketry, entered the town without the least resistance. The number of the soldiers of the Faith was about three thousand; which is proved by the rations that were given to them at Bourg-Madame. At that one place two thousand seven hundred were distributed, and as other fugitives had passed by the valley of Carol, we do not exaggerate in estimating the whole at three thousand. Although they were three times more numerous than the constitutionalists, had the advantage of the ground, and were in no want of ammunition, they abandoned the field at once. They scarcely fired a shot, and our soldiers described the appearance of the engagement, by saying that you would have fancied it was a regiment firing blank cartridge, with an interval of five minutes between every shot.

Our army was drawn up in line of battle on the banks of the Sègre from an early hour in the morning, in order to wait the result of the attack, and to prevent the French territory from being violated. The soldiers of the Faith retreated behind our troops, and took advantage of the shelter thus afforded them, to keep on firing. It is presumed that their intention was

to compromise the French army with the constitutionalists. Count Linati immediately ordered the firing to cease, and sent to inform our generals, that his intentions and his orders were, not to violate the French territory; but he required that the fugitives should be immediately disarmed, that our army might not be placed between the two fires; several of our soldiers had actually been struck by spent balls, and a serjeant had even been wounded in the head. The bands of the Faith that were already on our territory were immediately disarmed, and our soldiers indignant at their precipitate flight, did it with considerable harshness. One of these wretches being desired by a serjeant to deliver up his musket, was base enough to turn against him the weapon which he had not dared to use against the enemy, and killed him on the spot. It may be supposed that the criminal did not live long: be that as it may, the first French soldier killed in these unfortunate affairs did not perish by the hands of the constitutionalists.

All the army of the Faith had not yet entered the French territory; a part had taken refuge at Livia, where the expedition of Count Linati was to terminate.

In fact, on arriving on the banks of the Sègre he made his little troop halt, in presence of our line: military honors were paid on both sides; an excellent band of music saluted our colours, and after those military civilities, and some moments of repose, Count Linati quietly marched off towards Livia. Our army lined the two sides of the neutral road, which as I have said, leads from Puycerda to Livia. Here the defence might have been more easy and more effectual, than it had been on the late occasion; but none was even attempted, and the retreat of these heroic insurgents was as precipitate as it had been before. It must be confessed that our Vendeans behaved very differently, and that they were rather more obstinate fanatics. It is really insulting them, to compare them, as is done every day, to the army of the Faith; and it is injudiciously lavishing heroic epithets, to bestow them equally on those who die, and those who run away. Even for its own interest, the party which is thus prodigal of praise should bestow it more sparingly.

Immediately after this second occupation, Count Linati detached fifty or sixty horsemen whom he had with him, (the same whose

rapidity has so much astonished the people of the country) in pursuit of the fugitives, some of whom they came up with, and put to death. A fact which seemed to be recognised in the country, will prove how strict the orders were that were given to the constitutionalists. The frontier line, as I have said, is very irregularly traced; the horsemen were not always certain of being on the Spanish territory; the French sentinels warned them, and made them return within their own boundary. One of them, in the ardour of pursuit, did not hear the warning, and galloped on; the sentinel fired and missed him. The horseman immediately turned, and rushed upon him who had fired, but when, on approaching, he perceived him to be a Frenchman, he stopped, and returned into the Spanish territory. Thus we see how absurd the reports were of a *point* being made in France, and what credit is to be given to such assertions.

Mina arrived shortly afterwards with the rest of his army. He might have about five thousand men at Puycerda. I went to this latter town, which is certainly one of the dirtiest in Spain, where they are all very filthy. I entered it without any difficulty, though I had

no passport for Spain; I was not even examined at the custom-house. The constitutional party were resolved that the French should not be worse treated by them than by the insurgents. Their intention was fulfilled, and there were already at Puycerda several traders who had come to prosecute their business. I saw the constitutional army drawn up in line, to be reviewed. It was not clothed like ours; it did not form so regular and geometrical a whole; above all, there was not the same cleanliness; but the soldiers had all uniform caps, coats, and great-coats; they wore, without exception, shoes or spartillas; they had not at their backs a good leather knapsack like ours, but instead of it, they had a linen wallet, tied at the ends, hanging over their shoulders, which held baggage enough for them. Their ranks were not so regular; but on comparison with the bands of the Faith, they formed a perfect whole; and in comparison with our own army, they were very old soldiers. If our young conscripts exhibit rare dexterity and intelligence, their features and appearance are indicative of extreme youth, and one cannot help feeling apprehension for them when they come to meet fire for the first time.

As for the Spanish bands, notwithstanding the dirt and negligence which prevailed in their ranks, one recognized in them the oldest soldiers that there are perhaps now to be found in Europe. Black, scarred, and carelessly leaning on their muskets, these soldiers had all the appearance of old grenadiers, and one had no difficulty in fancying them in a shower of grape shot. I felt a singular emotion when I recollected that these were the bands which had so long combated our great army, and I thought that they might yet give a good account of our heroes, and bear witness to their valour.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VALLEY OF CAROL.—THE KNIFE OF THE GUERILLAS.—THE SMUGGLERS.—THE PORT OF PUYMAURIN.

YOU cannot get out of Cerdagne without passing by the valley of Carol, a long and dangerous defile, the outlet of which is at Ax, in the department of the Arriége. This is what is called the Port of Puymaurin, and is one of the most difficult passes in the Pyrenees. On the road you hear only the following question addressed by the muleteers who are going to those who are returning: '*Is the port good?*' that is to say, do the wind or the snow threaten to swallow you up? Travellers usually sleep in a town at the entrance of the valley, called the Tower of Carol. They leave it early in the morning and employ the whole day in passing through this defile, which people on the spot call *port*, and which would be called in the Alps *Col*.

This place, which very much resembles all the mountainous parts of Spain, will give an idea of the ground upon which our French soldiers are probably going to make war, and of the means of subsistence which they are likely to find there.

I arrived about night-fall at the Tower of Carol. I saw some habitations covered with snow, irregularly placed, and having an appearance of filth, which surprized me, even after what I had seen. My horse, which was used to the country, carried me of his own accord into a court-yard, where pieces of beef and hides still bloody, were hanging on the walls. This yard was used as a slaughter-house by one of the contractors of the army; and the dung-hill which covered the ground, was formed of blood and straw. This sight shocked me. My guide lent me a pair of large wooden shoes, which I put on over my boots, and I crossed this stinking court-yard, to go through a little door, to the foot of a ladder, which led to the upper story. The company was very numerous, as I had concluded from the number of mules which were unloading in the court-yard. In an immense apartment, there was a fire on which nearly a whole tree was burning.

The flame ascended the wall, and issued by a hole in the roof. The persons round the fire were all sitting upon square stones, or on blocks of wood; they consisted of muleteers, monks, smugglers, always called merchants, the *trusty and well beloved*, who were on their flight, and women, who in their eagerness to warm themselves, had not yet thrown off their black cloaks. All were on a footing of perfect equality, and the seats belonged to the first comer. Several rows of frozen travellers were waiting till their turn came. As soon as one of those who were in the first line, began to feel his skin burn, he retired, and made room for the one behind him. The first care was to take off the spartillas, or the wooden shoes, and to hang them on the sticks of the faggots, which were not yet burning. Thus there were about twenty pair of shoes smoaking, and the feet of the mountaineers, exhibited naked round the fire. It was in the middle of this gallery that I had to take my seat. Fortunately my guide had acted as my *chargé d'affaires*, and taken care to occupy a seat, which he gave up to me. I soon found myself seated next to the chief of a band, whose face promised me many curious stories, if I could

make myself understood, and accommodate myself to his Castilian pride. He wore a large cloak wrapped round his body, a leather girdle from which no sabre now hung; but on the other hand I saw a rude handle projecting from the pocket of his trowsers. He had just smoked a pipe, and putting his hand to this pocket drew out a very long instrument, which suddenly opening, shewed me a dagger concealed under the form of a knife. He made use of the point to clean the bowl of his pipe, and when this operation was finished, he looked at his weapon for an instant, and turned it several times with complacency, like a man who contemplates his last shilling. A brigadier of the gendarmes who was present, immediately put his hand on it, saying that it was forbidden to enter with arms into the French territory.

'Well,' said the other, 'is it forbidden to cut one's tobacco and bread?'

'Certainly not,' replied the brigadier, 'but here is more than is required to cut tobacco and bread.'

'And the wolves and dogs; must we not defend ourselves against them?'

The guerilla said this with a careless air, but so haughtily, that my gendarme, who was accustomed to ask for passports, and not for daggers, did not venture to insist. There was an old serjeant in the company, the only one perhaps of his age and appearance, that I have remarked in our army, and who I believe would have willingly taken upon himself to disarm the guerilla. He seemed to be well acquainted with these kind of knives. I heard him mutter between his teeth, and ask rather angrily, 'Whether people came into France to assassinate?' As the police however did not concern him, he went to drink in a corner, while the other continued to smoke; and thus they parted, like two dogs of equal strength, who separate growling at each other.

I drew near the table where the old serjeant was drinking. The face of this brave man suddenly brightened up; he politely asked me to drink with him, and immediately enquired what business I had among all these people. 'Indeed, sir,' said he, 'I pity you, you will sup ill, pass a very bad night, and to-morrow you will make a journey which is worse than all. For us, it is nothing; we have been for a

year guarding these Spaniards, who play the devil at home, and then come to take refuge among us. There is one there!'

'Yes! my friend, what do you think of him?'

'Think of him, why, that he is as old a soldier as myself, and that that knife has killed more Frenchmen, than it has ever cut tobacco?'

'How do you guess that?'

'Oh, faith, I know them well! I understand those countenances, as our fishermen when they look at the horizon can foresee the mistral?'*

'You were born then on the sea coast?'

'Oh dear, yes! my mother is an oyster-woman at Cette. Though I have always been used to run about the mountains, I assure you that fine fellow would have gathered a handful of snow upon Canigou before I could pluck up a tuft of grass. Only look at those feet; no goat's are more forked. And that dagger! I'll wager that it has tasted plenty of our blood. Should a villanous weapon like that come into France?—If the brigadier would allow me'—

'You seem to be rather afraid of it.'

'Oh, my good sir, when I see it, I am not

*A wind which blows in the Mediterranean.

afraid of it, and thank God my musket fears nobody. But my musket goes only in one hand, and this serpent of a knife passes from one hand to another, it sees you when you do not see it, and it penetrates you as it would into the crumb of this loaf.'

'You have then fought long against the guerillas; it is a bad kind of warfare.'

'Bad! you never know where it is. The road is always open, there are never any enemies before you; but behind.....If you only want to drink at a pool, or to cut wood, you must be on your guard against the very stones. All of a sudden, one of those fellows, such as you see there, rushes out, and you are dead before you have time to cry *vive l'Empereur!*... ...Excuse me,' added the good serjeant, 'you know that at the time we fought against those people, we used to cry *vive l'Empereur*. And he, you know, would not have us be afraid. In the campaign in Egypt—you remember, sir, the campaign in Egypt?'

'Not exactly, for I was not there; but I have heard speak of it.'

'Well! I will tell you. The sabres of those Turks cut you off a man's head, as we could cut off the top of a little shrub. Those sabres at first

rather frightened us; but the general soon cured us of that. He told us that we were children; yet we were taller and older than he; I for my part was four years older. Well! he said so much to us, that we lost our fear.—But these knives.'.....

'Did he not accustom you to them?'

'Accustom! ..... people say much more: namely, that he would not come back here himself on account of them, and if *he* was afraid of them, what should *we* feel?'

'Do you really think that Bonaparte was afraid of returning to Spain on account of the knives?'

'Faith! they say so. And then, look you, he was just married; and it is unpleasant the first year of marriage to carry on this sort of war. As for me, I thought more than once that I should never see my old mother again. Come, sir, let us take a draught. All this is very well to talk of when you are no longer in the middle of it.' And turning at the same time to some young soldiers, whom he pledged; 'My poor children,' said he, 'God keep you from Spain.'

Supper had been prepared during this interval. It consisted of slices of meat which were broiled in the flames, after the removal of

of the spartillas, which had been hanging upon the burning branches. I asked for some eggs, there were none; for butter, but in vain. I was obliged to submit. Every person took one of these burning slices, and from a little bottle which passed from hand to hand, poured some wine down his throat. During the repast the conversation turned upon the journey, and the state of the port. Every mule driver gave his opinion.

'It is cold.'

'It is windy.'

'We shall have snow.'

'We shall not be able to pass.'

'Hark! do you hear what a noise there is in the mountain? It is enough to carry us all away. We shall breakfast here to-morrow.'

'And sup, too,' replied another.

I addressed one of them. 'Is one kept here long when the weather is bad?'

'Oh!' said he, 'sometimes a fortnight.' Saying this the rogue looked at his next neighbour with an arch smile. Another consoled me by saying, 'A fortnight is too long, but a week is not impossible.' Seeing that I got nothing by questioning them, I resolved to take some rest. But all the predictions of my old serjeant were fulfilled, and the beds were no

better than the supper. Part of the company had already laid themselves down around me; some laid on the bare boards, in certain recesses, others on sheep-skins. The master of the house had reserved for me his own bed which was near the fire; I confess, that when I saw it, I could not accept his kind offer, and I asked for some straw. 'Straw,' said he, as if I had asked too much, 'it has been given to the troops, and we have nothing left but dry leaves.' After this last rebuff, I did not think of making any more demands; I wrapped myself in my cloak, placed my head on a portmanteau, and tried to go to sleep. The noise of the mules which were under us, and of fifty of those sleepers who snored like sea lions, prevented me from closing my eyes, though I was extremely fatigued. The fire, which was beginning to go out, still however threw some light upon the scene. On one side of me I saw a Spanish custom-house officer, who having served under the Regency, had fled with it, accompanied by his wife, a pretty woman from the valley of Aran. They were both wrapped in the same blue cloak. Farther on, some young Arragonese students in divinity were wrapped up in their black gowns, and a fat curé, who

breathed so hard, as to raise a thick blanket which had been used to cover the burden of the mules. Lastly, here and there, muleteers, smugglers, fugitives, insurgents, were laying mingled together, rolling against each other in their sleep, and uttering heavy groans at every kick.

The brigadier of the gendarmes had not yet retired, and was smoking his pipe by the fire-side. I arose, and went to sit down by him. In changing my seat, I perceived the Spaniard who was the possessor of the knife, who had stretched his large limbs upon the floor, and supported his head upon a block of wood. This magnificent bandit, like Endymion lighted up by a moon-beam, received the red light of the fire on his countenance. He was in a profound sleep. I particularly remarked his large closed eyes, his mouth half open, his long hair scattered in confusion about his neck. In spite of his rude costume, I have never seen a finer model of a human figure. What a pity, thought I, that civilization has not enlightened and developed so powerful a form!

'What do you think of this company?' said the gendarme; and without giving me time to reply, added, 'you must certainly have some very particular business to bring you here;

as for me, I would not stay a day in it, if I were not obliged by my office. I have guarded all the coasts of France, all the defiles of the Alps; I have even served in Italy during the blockade; but I assure you that I have never yet seen such smugglers as those of the valley of Carol. See, said he (pointing to the company) these are people who know the smallest crevice in the mountains, and who pass where neither you nor I would ever dare to venture ourselves. And what kind of contraband do you think they carry on?—In the Jura, near Geneva, the mountaineers carry jewellery and watches, which are such small articles that it is natural they should not be seen. But these merely smuggle—what do you think?—wool! and we can hardly ever catch them: In fact they climb the mountains on the south side, and when they have reached the summit they throw down the bales, which roll down on the north side, when others receive and carry them through the defiles into the plain. It is in vain that we watch them, they always escape us. It is a very different thing with sugar and coffee; as for those goods, they introduce them as the ladies in the sea-ports do Vanilla, in their bags. They are an untractable and wicked people, whom we have the greatest

difficulty to keep under restraint, who are neither French nor Spanish, and who look only for one thing, which is a rise in the price of commodities. Would you believe it, they are almost all Bonapartists, though they had no more connection with the government of Bonaparte than with that of the king? But I will tell you the reason; sugar and coffee were dearer then, and smuggling was more profitable.'

The brigadier told me many other things which I shall not repeat. I could not help making reflections on the prohibitory system, which is now adopted by all Europe. Every state wishes to impose restrictions upon the other, and to oblige foreign produce to pay import duties. What is the result? nations are now so much on the alert, that a week after the levying of the duty, they retaliate. We have attempted to lay a duty on American cotton; the Americans have revenged themselves by almost excluding our wines; we have laid a duty on Swedish iron, and Sweden has retaliated in the same way as the Americans. I mention these instances, because they are fresh in my memory; and the result is, that almost every prohibition has been retaliated, and that we remain with an insupportable

complication of duties, which ruin commerce, and clog it with disgusting precautions. But this is not all; the frontiers of states are inhabited by a race whom smuggling renders horribly depraved. Smugglers are a wicked race; drunkards, robbers and gamblers. These qualities are the necessary results of a life spent in hazards and dangers; often in idleness, and always in the violation of the laws. I know a village, formerly very rich, placed on the boundary of the free territory of Marseilles, and near a kind of defile, the inhabitants of which had devoted themselves entirely to smuggling; they have almost entirely abandoned the cultivation of their lands, and sold them to a neighbouring village; which is now becoming a place of consequence by the industry and assiduity of its cultivators. The population of the first is now an idle, wicked, and gambling race. The vice of gaming had formerly been carried there to an excess. It had infected the higher class, which this time had received the influence instead of communicating it; and it was there that people came to make the most ruinous parties of play. Smuggling itself had been practised by them to a considerable extent, and before the Revolution, the great

noblemen, whose carriages were not examined at the custom-house carried it on in the most unblushing manner.

Such are the effects of these prohibitions; they create offences, the commission of which is profitable, and very soon make offenders who become the most vicious of men. They are also the most turbulent class, of which they have just given proofs in Spain, for it is they who compose in a great measure, the bands of the Faith.

I returned to my hard pillow, where I reposed some hours. Early in the morning, I was very sorry to hear a wind blow which shook the whole house; my guide was vexed to see me up so soon, and hear me order him to put on his spartillas, and take his staff. He made a long remonstrance on the dangers of the road, told me many a tragical story, and finished very eloquently, by showing me the muleteers, who were lying around us, and had resolved not to set out. I had remarked that one of them had already departed; encouraged by his example, and resolved besides not to suffer myself to be shut up by the snow among these horrid mountains, I dismissed my guide, and engaged a spirited lad, who offered to pass the port with me. We set out at day break. I had already

ready suffered extremely in the defiles of Mount-Louis, but my sufferings were as nothing to what I endured here, during a journey of several leagues. On leaving the Tower of Carol, we plunged into a defile. To arrive at the foot of the last mountain, in the side of which is the port or passage, is about two hour's walk. At the last stage, which is called Portez, the traveller stops to drink, and take courage before he passes the port. I had no idea of a wind so powerful, and if I may express myself, so compact, as that which blew in these defiles. A dry and cutting snow penetrated into the smallest fold of the clothes, and when I arrived, I found some even in my cravat. The valley of Carol is not so varied in its aspect, as that which leads from Olette to Mount-Louis; but it is if possible still grander. You appear to be entering into a theatre, the side scenes of which are immense masses of rock, which rise perpendicularly and correspond with others on the opposite side. In proportion as the day advanced, I saw them more distinctly marked, and occasionally I put my head from under my cloak to look at them; but the thick snow, and the icy blast of the wind, soon obliged me to hide my face, and I could not even see my

horse, having, according to the custom of these countries, left him to take his own way. We were two hours on the road. When we arrived at Portez, I hastened to the fire, but was so completely benumbed, that it was a long time before I could recover any feeling. The dreadful howling of the wind in the mountains frightened me. The muleteer, who had preceded us in the morning, said that he had had enough of it, and would not go any further. I was of the same opinion, but when I was somewhat recruited, I was disposed to change my determination; the sight of the filth which surrounded me, and the recollection of the preceding night, were quite sufficient to restore my courage. The inhabitants of the barn surrounded me with a kind of stupid curiosity, and seemed to wait anxiously for the resolution which I should take. 'Sir,' said my young guide, '*I* am sure of getting through, but I will not answer for *you*.'

'And why so?'

'Because I do everything which you will not do; I go on foot, and throw off my cloak when the wind is too high, and roll myself in the snow, and I am never sick at heart.'

With this encouragement, I agreed to set

out; I had a sort of indescribable curiosity to see what this tempest in the defile was, and to satisfy myself, whether the imagination of the country people did not heighten the scenes which they described. My sufferings however were much less this time than in the morning, because I was already accustomed to the cold and the wind, and besides it was nearly noon. But what passed there during some moments is inconceivable. Sometimes there was a perfect calm, when there was no other motion than the silent fall of the snow. These were the intervals of which I took advantage to look about me; but they were soon interrupted; the wind suddenly burst forth with unexpected fury, rolled the clouds, and pressed them into the recesses; then carrying away the snow which was still falling, and that which already lay upon the ground, it raised it like the waves of the sea, or drove it before it like the foam upon the waters. The dreariness of these moments it is impossible to describe. The change of forms, the entirely new position of the snow, the unexpected arrangement of the clouds, the frightful noises, were such as to make one believe that the end of the world was at hand. During one of these moments, I was

surprized by a wonderful scene. On reaching the interior summit of the port, I turned round, and beheld before me an immense succession of vallies, which were displayed one behind the other. The clouds extended to the farthest line of this horizon; but all at once, while these which were over my head were dark and thick, those in the back ground became light, and I perceived at a great distance, the country from which I had come, perfectly illumined by the sun, and apparently enjoying the most perfect calm. This calm, seen from the midst of the storm, and with the magic effect produced by the distance, was so delightful, as to make me forget all the fatigues of the journey. The passage was slow and difficult. I could not help admiring the wonderful instinct of animals in moments of distress. My horse opened his eyes and nostrils, and put his ears forward, when he was not certain of having solid ground under him; he then examined it with his foot, and did not set it down, till he was certain of its being sufficiently firm to bear his weight. This journey lasted the whole day, and I arrived in the evening at Ax, where France suddenly re-appeared with a degree of elegance, no doubt produced by the resort of visitors, who come to take the waters in the fine season.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROAD FROM AX TO TOULOUSE. — THE TRAPPIST. — THE SANITARY CORDON AND THE CORPS OF OBSERVATION.—TOULOUSE.

WHEN you are at Ax, you may proceed by Tarascon, Foix, Pamiers, and Auterive, to Toulouse; or if you have no mind to visit that city, you may continue in the Pyrenees, by the village of Saurat and of Massat. I preferred the first, for I confess that I began to find the rude beauties of the Pyrenees rather monotonous, and I was not sorry to get acquainted with the pious Toulouse. I took the same road therefore which the celebrated Trappist had taken on his way from Puycerda, which he had quitted more than a month before the last defeat of the Regency. It is difficult to understand how a man so holy and miraculous, thus soon despaired of the sacred cause, and why he abandoned it so prematurely. In this country,

people who were perhaps too ready to see human motives in superhuman things, pretended that the command of the Seu d'Urgel had been the apple of discord, and that the Trappist, irritated at being unjustly passed over, had abandoned a camp where his merits had been slighted. I was not fortunate enough to see this holy man, because he no longer showed himself in Toulouse, on account of the bad reception which he had met with on the last day that he appeared in public. I saw a portrait of him, drawn by one of our officers, who had endeavoured to amuse himself during his abode in the mountains. The expression of the features is rather mean; the costume is singular; it is composed of a capuchin's robe, with a cross of white wool upon the breast, and a rosary and sabre, hanging together. Christianity had not for a long time undergone such a metamorphosis; and since the time of the crusades, had not seen bishops clothed in armour, bearing the crucifix in one hand, a club in the other, and smiting the infidels in the name of the God of Peace. This costume gave occasion at Tarascon, to an animated conversation, the impression of which was still fresh in the memory of the inhabitants, and which had nearly cost the

Trappist dear. He was at an inn, surrounded by curious persons, who, without admiring his great deeds, (which besides are much disputed even in the army of the Faith,) were desirous of becoming acquainted with him; some officers were also there, as much to guard as to see him. One of them asked him, 'If he did not wear some other dress in the field of battle?'

'No,' replied the Trappist, 'I wear no other.'

'It must be very troublesome, either on horseback or on foot.'

'Not at all; and it is in this very dress that I have killed two hundred of you Frenchmen.'

'Two hundred Frenchmen!' replied the officer angrily, 'say rather that you assassinated them in the hospitals.'

'No,' replied the monk, 'killed! killed!'..... Another capuchin who had more sense, shook the Trappist, saying to him several times, 'Recollect yourself, Don Antonio; you forget you are talking to Frenchmen.' The holy man then perceived that his insolent bravado was neither very christian nor very obliging to Frenchmen, who had treated him with kind hospitality; and he endeavoured to excuse himself with as much humility as he had before shown arrogance. The officer turned upon his heel, without paying

any further attention to him; but the conversation became so public, that he was sent off directly, and before the appointed hour, in order to prevent his being treated in a manner which would not have been very agreeable, judging by the anger of the people.

These little districts were much animated by the presence and continual movements of the troops. The corps of observation, formerly the sanitary cordon, is now formed into three divisions, the principal stations of which are at Perpignan, Toulouse, and Bayonne. The regiments are distributed at the entrances of the great vallies, and are placed in cantonments in the interior, to the last inhabited points. In winter, as the snow descends, the troops retire into the plain, and guard only the principal openings, which are then the only ones that are passable. I frequently took refuge in the hovels, where our soldiers, who mounted guard, were sheltering themselves. These hovels were of stone without mortar, and they contained about ten or fifteen men, who warmed themselves while one stood sentinel in the midst of the snow. These were the *corps-de-garde*. The companies were afterwards stationed in the neighbouring villages, and the

regiments with their staffs in the more considerable towns nearer to the plain. The regiments themselves, and the companies of each regiment, successively relieved each other in the most difficult posts. Thus at every table, you might hear officers with true French vivacity, making themselves merry at the expense of their brethren, whose turn it was to leave a good bed and a good table, for the straw and soup of the mountaineers.

Our army has suffered as much since the establishment of the sanitary cordon, as it could have endured in the most severe campaign, even in the most desolate countries of the North. Those who were posted in those parts of the Eastern Pyrenees, which incline towards the sea, were obliged to encamp under tents, which the gusts of wind were tearing up, or throwing down every moment. Our army is certainly not disposed to regret its sufferings; yet we may pity it, considering the inutility of these measures, at least for the object which they professed to have in view.

We may now be allowed to believe, after all that has followed, that the sanitary cordon was not destined against the yellow fever alone. At all events it was very useless in that point of

view. I do not mean to say, that it is not contagious; that is a question which it is not my business to discuss; but after an inspection of the country, the impossibility of stopping the communication, must be evident to every one. The custom-house officers have never been able to prevent smuggling; the sanitary cordon was equally unable to prevent it, and a hundred thousand men, instead of twenty-five thousand, would not have succeeded better, because they would have been obliged to guard the smallest clefts in the rocks, and what is more difficult, to know them all. Now, where contagion is in question, to shut up all the communications but one, is doing nothing at all. And it is quite certain that if the contact with Catalonia could have inoculated us with the yellow fever, all France would have already had it.

If it failed in this effect, the sanitary cordon produced another. While it could not hinder clandestine and fraudulent trade, it has impeded open and legitimate commerce, and has reduced the inhabitants of the Pyrenees to the most miserable condition. The two sides, the North and the South, have had at all times so much need of each other, that there were ordinances of our ancient kings, which in case of war

declared them neutral, and enacted, that no prize could be lawfully made from the merchants on either side of the mountains. The sanitary cordon has therefore had a more fatal effect than war itself, as it put an entire stop to a trade which it did not prohibit. Add to the interruption of the barter, the presence and the devastations of the army of the Faith, and it is easy to imagine what the people of these unfortunate countries have had to suffer. It has been said that it is the constitutional army that has committed all these ravages in Catalonia, Aragon and Navarre; but it is an impudent falsehood. I have traversed the boundary of these countries, I have entered them at several points, and heard the complaints of the poor inhabitants. In the valley of Argelez, the contractors assured me they had always been paid by Mina, while the bands of the Faith had taken from them several thousand head of cattle, without paying. I have even seen these contractors traverse the passage of Gavarnie, which is so formidable in December, to come and purchase cattle in France, for there were scarcely any left in the Spanish mountains, since the insurgents had passed through. Now, if the sanitary cordon, while it deprived the Pyrenees of the commerce which they carried on with each

other, had also by its presence excited the hopes of the insurgents, and had attracted them to the frontiers, this cordon would very clearly be the cause of the evils which afflict this country, and the ministry which established it would have committed a great fault towards both kingdoms. I shall speak in the sequel, of the commerce with Spain, which, for our comfort, we have been told is nothing; but which nevertheless, is one of the principal resources of our Southern provinces.

Our troops have a very satisfactory appearance, with respect to their discipline and equipment; they were never better clothed or better fed, and it must be admitted that more pains are taken to satisfy the army, than the public opinion. The military administration is said to be better than ever, which may be easily conceived. The numerous administrators, who were formed amidst the greatest difficulties of war, find it much more easy to employ their resources, and apply the knowledge they have acquired, in the midst of peace and tranquillity. Persons so long accustomed to feed and clothe our troops, and to prepare hospitals for them, during the continual and rapid movements of victory or defeat, and the confu-

sion of battle, and in the midst of a hostile country, must naturally do the same things much more easily in France, during a period of perfect tranquillity.

There is no longer a single veteran among our soldiers; the oldest has no advantage over the others, but that of having made the soup for the last four years, and perhaps knowing a little better how to crib the portions. We find among them only countrymen eating better soup, and dressed in better clothes than in their native village; and nevertheless anxious to return home as soon as they can. There are no longer to be seen among them the venerable countenances, or the original manners of our old grenadiers, with their sprightly jokes on their long marches, on the dangers they had escaped, and on the great man, who had gained such an ascendancy over their imagination. There is not one left of those old subalterns, formerly so capable of discussing the plans of their general, and of seconding them with the greatest intelligence. In a war, in Spain in particular, where action is subdivided, and becomes almost a personal contest between man and man, ability becomes much less necessary in the commander, than in the whole

body, that is to say, in the subalterns and privates combined. There are more old soldiers in the middle ranks. The sub-lieutenants and lieutenants are almost all young men; the captains and superior officers are mostly officers of the old army. These last are reserved and silent, and express no decided opinions.

It is in vain to conceal it, and silence on this subject would be useless and foolish; there are two opinions in France, which may be disguised under different names, but are always perfectly distinguishable; the one desirous of the return of the past without exception, the other dreading and doing everything to prevent that return. In this conflict the army may have an opinion, and a soldier who thinks will not be prevented from feeling and wishing as a man. The old army was for its general, which was perfectly natural. This general is no more; the army is no longer what it was; the opinion which it constituted has vanished, or what remains of it is only an historical admiration of the greatest man of modern times. The new army which has succeeded to the old one, is quite indifferent to everything, from the soldier to the subaltern; and when you talk to it of a return to religion and to legitimacy,

it no more comprehends what is said, than if you were to talk to it of liberty and human perfectibility. Let people cry out as they will, all these things are very well in their way, but they are not understood in a certain quarter. The army will not have an opinion, till an attempt is made to make it do things repugnant to French dispositions. There remain the officers who are immediately dependant on the government, and who espouse the opinion of the minister of war more warmly, because their rank brings them nearer to him. But sub-lieutenants, lieutenants, and captains, are at a great distance from him, and much nearer to their soldiers than to the war-minister. They are silent however, because they cannot prevail upon themselves to speak ill of their departed general; and because, if they spoke well of him, they would be treated like electors, who have not given their vote for the president of the college. Neither do they venture to speak in favour of the new institutions; first, because they have little inclination for abstract discussion; and second, because they may be overheard; and it must be admitted, that when magistrates holding their places for life, who having only one kind of courage properly belonging to them,

namely civil courage, have not dared to show it; it is asking rather too much to require it of soldiers, who are liable to be discharged, and frequently have no other means of subsistence than their commission, and whose essential virtue is only military courage.

Toulouse is a large city, almost entirely built of brick, and spread to a great extent on the beautiful banks of the Garonne. A very fine bridge thrown over that river is a magnificent object when the sky is clear. While you see before you the Garonne, which flows between two rows of magnificent houses, and loses itself under beautiful shades, beyond is an immense and deep horizon, at the extremity of which, the chain of the Pyrenees, and the *Pic-du-Midi* show their white and shadowy lines. The distance is thirty leagues, and it may be conceived that the prospect must be very beautiful and extensive.

I do not believe that Toulouse is now proud of the punishment of Calas; but it still possesses its great capitol, its numerous penitents, its Trappist, its *Echo du Midi*,* and a whole host of charitable souls, who put up prayers for the success of the Regency

* A royalist newspaper.

of Urgel; for it must be allowed that the devotees in this country have a wonderful faith in Providence, and do not despair that soldiers and generals, who are no longer in Spain, may still gain battles there. However, the good ladies who give up their country-houses, to serve as agreeable places of retirement for these fugitive monks, and make collections, (which they do not call loans,) to enable them to eat goose-livers, form only the smallest part of the population, while the trading part is much the largest. As it is well known that the joy of the merchants in 1814 proceeded from the restoration of peace, it is not improbable that they may terminate together; for they will not be very partial to a war, which is not undertaken for their interest. The Toulousans, therefore, who are loading and unloading bales in the Canal du Midi, (and these are the most numerous,) are not very fond of these warlike monks, who may perhaps bring back the days of the Spanish war, and even those when the artillery of Wellington was playing at their gates.

Perpignan and Bayonne are not the points, where the vanquished defenders of the Faith most willingly remain. They prefer coming to Toulouse to re-victual, to consult together,

and to recruit their courage. When driven to Perpignan, they go by way of Toulouse to re-appear in Navarre; and when beaten back to Bayonne, they go by way of Toulouse to shew themselves in Catalonia. This city therefore is the centre of all their comings and goings, and one quarter in it is the point where all these lines cross each other. Toulouse is gaining a name in this affair, and its two journals making a fortune. Nothing is wanting to make the North of the Pyrenees, what the left bank of the Rhine was in 1791, but the palace of an elector, instead of an inn; the witty de Calonne, instead of Messrs. Gispert and Ortaffa; a brilliant nobility, instead of guerillas; and princes, instead of a lawyer who has become a king.

CHAPTER XIV.

TARBES.—ARGELEZ.—THE ABBEY OF SAINT SAVIN.—BAYONNE.

WERE I to continue my narrative, I should have nothing to describe but mountains and scenes of pastoral simplicity. But I am sufficiently aware that my readers are now engaged with much graver interests, and seek in the Pyrenees something else than rocks and shepherds. I shall therefore neither describe the high Pyrenees, nor the charming Bagnères, in which is to be found Parisian elegance, amidst the mountains, under a magnificent sky, and in the vicinity of the happy and opulent equality of Campan. I shall say nothing of the *Pic-du-Midi*, nor of Barèges, nor of Gavarnie, nor of the Brèche de Roland; and without employing the artifice of the rhetoricians, who speak of a thing while they affirm that they will not speak of it, I shall be entirely silent respecting objects which we should do well to see before we

run to Switzerland, or Scotland, and travel three or four times as far, to see what is not French; for now-a-days, when we pretend to be no longer exclusive, we despise ourselves with a generosity which must be quite edifying to foreigners, and with a pride which is as ridiculous as the exclusive spirit of former times.

I must however say a few words of the great market of Tarbes, so beautiful in recollection, and so remarkable for what is no longer there. It takes place once a fortnight at Tarbes, a charming little town, situated in a plain, and in sight of the whole chain of the Pyrenees. It is three leagues from Bagnères and Bigorre, four from Campan, five from Argelez, and ten from Pau: and thus it is the centre of the main Pyrenees. It is there that all the different inhabitants of the various districts of our side meet, to exchange their superfluities for articles which they want. The most picturesque costumes teach you there the first elements of political economy, and that science may be learnt there, as children learn to read by means of *pictures*. The Béarnais with their white frocks, their blue bonnets, their round heads and flowing hair, like that of the long haired kings, come to sell their handkerchiefs and their linens to the inhabitants of the

vallies, from whom they receive in return, wool, cattle, wood, and iron. These lively, tall and active Béarnais have an appearance of intelligence and gaiety, which puts one in mind of their Henry IV.; and I know not whether my imagination deceived me, but I fancied I discovered in some of their features a resemblance to that affable and sprightly king. Here are wools in the fleece and spun; corn, potatoes, cheese of all kinds, salt provisions, fodder, agricultural instruments, oxen, sheep, goats, horses, cloths, stuffs, linens, and some simple articles of hard-ware, which greatly delight these good mountaineers, who, like all other people, are fond of those *superfluities which are so necessary*. Here we may see the great variety of manners and races which the Pyrenees contain. The women on that day put on their best attire, and in the evening return to their cottages, singing couplets of their bard Despourreins, to a tune which much resembles the Ranz des Vaches. Many of these families travel twenty leagues to return home, and I have seen shepherds who came a whole day's journey to barter a piece of bacon, such is the value of the smallest things in these simple countries. A particular circumstance gave, not long since,

great importance to the market of Tarbes: this was the number of Spaniards, who came to supply themselves with mules, cattle, and frequently even with corn. It was their presence which produced a kind of opulence in the market, for they brought thither their envied double pistoles; and in these countries, where specie is scarce, a little gold diffused great joy. I say a little for the farmers, who only sold some provisions; but for the dealers in cattle and mules, it was a great deal; and the double pistoles, and the fine wool of Aragon, were profitable articles of exchange. These Spaniards have ceased to come since the political troubles, the sanitary cordon, the threats of war, &c. They passed by Gavarnie into the beautiful valley of Argelez, and proceeded by way of Lourdes to Tarbes. Ever since, the road resounds with the lamentations of the inhabitants, who enumerate the Spaniards who used to come, and always conclude by repeating that they come no more. It should be mentioned, that at that time it was estimated, that there were fifteen thousand persons assembled at Tarbes on the great market day. For poor farmers who do not speculate on the exchange, and who at the balance of every

account are not 100,000 francs richer or poorer, it is not wonderful that the loss of such a market should be a subject of regret.

From Tarbes you may go to Bagnères or Lourdes by a short and beautiful road. Though I do not wish to mention any more vallies here, I pass over such beautiful ones, that I may be pardoned for saying a few words of that of Argelez, and of the Abbey of St. Savin, which does not now belong to monks, and which is not less picturesque, nor of less benefit to the thirty-three villages by which it is surrounded, since it is occupied by a new prior, who is no other than the physician of Cauterets.

The valley of Argelez is a round basin surrounded by high mountains. But when I say this, my reader only knows what I have already repeated of twenty other sites, and has not seen, as I could wish, this admirable diversity of woods, meadows, torrents and villages, surrounded by mountains which are either green to their very summits, or white and rude like glaciers. There are things which one feels courage to describe, but such a scene as this makes one lament the poverty of language; even the pencil cannot represent that effect of immensity, nor express those confused and

delicious sounds, nor make us breathe that fine air, which renders the spirits so buoyant. We must send the reader to the spot, and give up the attempt to paint natural beauties which are inimitable.

I had as yet only visited the bottom of the basin, and even when I reached Argelez, I was not at a sufficient elevation to form an idea of the whole of the valley; I had only seen on the road the beautiful forms of the mountains. Next morning at day-break I set out for the Abbey of St. Savin, which is of the highest antiquity, for its foundations are said to belong to fort Emilian, built by the Romans, and its walls to Charlemagne. Thus it is not destitute of titles of nobility, but it has what are much better, namely, its form and its situation, which I will endeavour to make my reader understand, since I must despair of making him see it. The valley of Argelez opens at Lourdes; a little beyond are some very lofty hills, surrounding this great inclosure, like a wall; beyond these hills, which are adorned with groups of the finest beech trees, the basin becomes circular, and it may be supposed to be very extensive, since between the bottom and the heights, there are

thirty-three villages. But those who love retired places need not be alarmed, for the surrounding mountains are so lofty, that the valley forms as it were only one enormous defile. The inclosure again contracts, and on a terrace at the farther end, opposite the hills at the entrance, stand as on a promontory the gothic walls of St. Savin. On the two sides of this terrace are two rather narrow outlets, one of which forms the valley of Ossun, and the other that of Luz, by which you go to Gavarnie. Thus my readers see, that a landscape painter could not have better opened and closed this beautiful valley. It was a very cold morning, and while I was climbing the steep path which leads to St. Savin, a thick mist obscured the atmosphere. I could scarcely see the nearest trees, and their trunks appeared like shadows through the vapour. On reaching the summit I was delighted to find a gothic chapel, whose ogives, divided arches, pointed windows, and painted glass, half broken, quite charmed me. 'At last,' said I, passing under the antique gate, 'I have found a real abbey!' Thus a wish which I had long cherished was at length realized. Some Spaniards were at work in the court-yard. These robust workmen were gravely moving some enormous stones,

and I learned that on account of their patience and sobriety, they were employed in the French Pyrenees in the most laborious works. My travelling companion asked for the proprietor, and immediately a little gay and lively man came forward, and said 'Here is the prior, what do you want with him?'

'To see the valley, and his priory.'

'Welcome!' said he, 'welcome, whoever wishes to see the valley and the priory.' He then opened a door which admitted us from the court-yard to a terrace. 'You come at a favourable moment,' said he, 'look, and be silent.' I looked, indeed, and for a long time never opened my lips. The terrace on which we stood was exactly in the situation to see the picture in the true perspective, and also in the most favourable light; for the rising sun gave an extraordinary relief to every object. The mist which I had just before over my head, was now under my feet; it spread out like an immense sea, and rolled against the mountains and into their smallest sinuosities. I saw groups of trees, the trunks of which were immersed in the vapour, while their heads hardly appeared above it; castles with four towers, of which only the slated roofs were visible. The slightest

breeze which rose, agitated this mass like an ocean. Near me it struck against the sides of the terrace, and I could have stooped to draw from it, as from a well. The sun's rays soon after penetrating, agitated, and produced in it a kind of whirlwind. Suddenly it rose in the air, appearing like a shower of gold; nothing could be seen through this fiery vapour, and even the disk of the sun was entirely concealed. This sight resembled the illusion of a dream, but a moment after, the vapour again descended, the air was as pure, and the fog as thick, though not so high as before. Thanks to this sinking of the fog, more trees showed their heads, and hills till then unperceived, presented their grey or verdant summits. This absorption was repeated several times, and each time the fog, when it re-descended, became lower, and a new zone was visible. We then entered into the habitation of the proprietor, who by virtue of the law of the constituent assembly, has succeeded to the rich idlers, who formerly viewed with indifference this fine scene, and saw nothing in it, but bare rocks and damp vapours. It is the physician of Cauterets, who has made this purchase, and who has thereby become the natural patron of the mountaineers; their

adviser in difficulties; their organ of communication with the government; and their physician when they are sick. He calls himself the prior of St. Savin; the inhabitants have also given him this title, and he has even obliged the bishop to recognize it. When this bishop, who is not very fond of the purchasers of national property, (my readers would be convinced of it, if I were to name him) arrived in the country, custom required that he should visit the four vallies; the inhabitants were impatient at not seeing him. The new possessor of St. Savin waited upon him, wrapped in a large cloak. He was taken for a curé, who had a petition to present, and in consequence, left to cool his heels; when his turn came, he was asked what business he had; throwing aside his cloak, and discovering his layman's dress; 'My lord,' said he, 'I am the prior of St. Savin, and I am come to claim the privilege which my predecessors formerly enjoyed, namely that of receiving your lordship, when you visit the four vallies.' The bishop, much pleased, confirmed his new dignity, and granted his request. This man, who is equally adroit and sensible, has thus been the conciliator of these countries, in which there is a profound sen-

timent of independence, a very religious imagination, and a great want of public worship. I must add that the new proprietor, without changing the very original form of this abbey, has had a most convenient infirmary built inside of it, and has thus formed a substitute, which is generally approved of, for the ancient monastic hospitality. Such purchasers are well worth the antient Abbés, and may reconcile us to the decrees of 1790.

I went out again upon the terrace to enjoy an entirely different prospect: that of the valley, cleared of the mist, sparkling with dew, and illumined by the sun. The veil was now quite removed; everything was distinct to the eye, even the foaming of the torrents and the flight of the birds; the air was perfectly pure, only some clouds, which happened to be in the direction of the waters, or the currents of air, which is generally colder, still hovered over the middle of the basin, slowly proceeded along the mountains, ascended into the sinuosities, and at length rested on their most elevated summits, where they floated lightly. But the valley, like a rose just expanded, showed me its woods, its hills, its plains, green with the rising corn, or black from the recent labours of

the plough, its numerous terraces covered with hamlets and pastures, its withered groves, still retaining their yellow-tinged foliage; lastly, the ice, and the threatening rocks." But what is quite impossible to describe, is the varied movements of the birds of all kinds; of the flocks which moved slowly from one hedge to another; of the numerous horses that frolicked in the pastures, or on the banks of the streams; but, above all, the confused noises of the sheep-bells, the barking of the dogs, the flowing of the waters, and the murmur of the wind, mingled sounds, softened by the distance, and which, uniting their effect to all these movements, expressed a state of existence, calm, extensive, and diversified. I cannot express the soothing, consolatory, but infinite and sublime ideas, which overpower the soul at a sight like this, and fill it with love for the God of nature, and confidence in his works. And if, in the interval of noises which succeed each other like waves, the song of a shepherd is heard for some moments, the thoughts of man seem to elevate themselves with this song, to relate his wants and his troubles to Heaven, and to ask it to relieve them. How many things does this

shepherd, who perhaps has no more thought than the birds singing at his side, make me feel and think of! But this delightful emotion passes away like a beautiful dream, like a fine piece of music, like a striking effect of light, like everything that is good, like everything which affects us strongly, and must, for that reason, endure but an instant.

I ask my reader's pardon for this digression; but I now proceed, without further delay, on the road to Bayonne, in the midst of dry heaths, oak forests, and dealers in salt meat, who were complaining at Orthés, and in the whole country, that their magazines were overstocked, that the Portuguese vessels no longer arrived to take away their hams, and that the Adour seemed no longer to flow for them. I arrived at Bayonne during a fall of snow, such as had not been seen for a long time. I eagerly looked for Spanish refugees, but they were almost all concealed. Bayonne and its environs, though they have sent but one deputy to the left side, do not however love these turbulent defenders of the Faith. To appoint deputies who suit them, does not always depend on them; but to look friendly or otherwise at

those who visit them, is very allowable and very easy; and in this respect they make full use of their liberty. Not that the people of Bayonne, like many others, bark after the vanquished and bite their heels; the Biscayans are more generous. But as they imagine that the Cortes of Cadiz had a right to frame a constitution, as they almost all speak Spanish, and take nearly as much interest in the affairs of the Peninsula as in those of France; lastly, as they are merchants, and love to find the road open, they detest these turbulent insurgents, who attack a good constitution, and who, not being able to overturn it, revenge themselves by stopping carriages in the defiles of Biscay, and raising contributions for the mass.

One day, some officers of the staff of a certain fugitive general were walking in what are called the *Allées Marines*, which are fine avenues of trees on the banks of the Adour. Some Spaniards from the banks of the Bidassoa, who are employed in carrying merchandize through the defiles, recognised two of these officers as chiefs of the insurgent bands, who had stopped them. They immediately began to abuse them, and after some pretty violent

expressions, were on the point of coming to blows, when the youth of Bayonne interfered, and obliged the two officers, who were accused of levying contributions on the high road, to seek refuge in a neighbouring house. The fugitives appeared but little in public, and since then they appear still less. They are almost all dispersed in the surrounding country, where they live more economically and more quietly, waiting till it shall be time to occupy the Escurial.' I was in company at Bayonne with some travellers, who had been made to pay like others, and who related to me the manner of it, as follows: At the entrance of a defile you are stopped, and required, with a musket at your breast, to pay the royal custom-house duties. Of course there is no dispute respecting the place where the duty is levied, which is the high road, or the manner, or the amount you must pay. After which, the chief of these royal custom-house officers delivers you, on a slip of paper, an acknowledgment of the ounces of gold which he has received, to which he affixes his signature and a certain seal; you then proceed, and by showing this receipt at every station, have not to

pay twice. It must be allowed that these high roads are well managed, and that when a government robs, it does so in a regular and sensible manner; I say when a government *robs*, because as the travellers have already been taxed in the name of the government at Madrid, there must surely be one that robs, either that of Madrid or that of Urgel; I leave it to the casuists of legitimacy to settle which it is.

There was at this time at Bayonne a singular variety of conflicting reports. Numbers of Spaniards were arriving from all quarters of the Peninsula. According to some, that atrocious government could not last much longer; the nation regarded it with horror; it was without power, and yet it committed unheard of acts of violence, which nobody prevented. Those who spoke thus, certainly did not come from Madrid, of which they talked so much, but from the frontier, where they had been beaten by this powerless government. There were others, whom the noise and agitation seemed to terrify not a little, who said, it was a pity that the parties could not agree, that they would not be appeased, and make reciprocal

concessions, and live in peace and liberty. These were most violently refuted by the preceding, and when they spoke of a modified constitution, they were treated much worse than they could have been in the Landaburian club. Lastly, there were some ancient admirers of the Cadiz legislators, full of tranquil pride, who exhibited a sovereign contempt for their enemies, both within and without, and placing on a level the Regency of Urgel and the congress of Verona said, that they might make war upon them, that they might enter their country, and that it was not their custom to oppose them, but '*No importa*,' added they, smoking their Havannah segars, and carelessly puffing the smoke, '*No importa*.' I wished them to explain themselves; but without losing more words, they said 'Let them try,' and resuming their segar, paid no more attention to me.

Bayonne, one of the finest works of Vauban, is, as the engineers say, *à cheval* on the Adour (which is there of considerable width) and the Nive. The city is placed upon a point of land, between the two rivers, and extends over the other banks of the Nive. It is surrounded by moats, which may be filled at pleasure, and it is

commanded by a very fine citadel, which placed opposite, and pretty near to the two streams, overlooks the plain. But little military preparations had been made at the end of December; only a few pieces of cannon had been placed on the batteries, with the evident intention of shewing them. The citadel was completely armed; and that alone can now be depended upon, for the rest of the fortress is in a very bad condition; a great quantity of ammunition had been brought from Brest, and was laying in confusion on the banks of the Adour, in the arsenal, and round the city. The companies of artillery had been sent to Toulouse to procure horses; and the artillery, which had been put in a condition for service, was estimated at seventeen batteries. On the whole there were preparations, but not of a nature to frighten the merchants, if the journals which arrived every other day had not alternately inspired hopes, and fears, and always anxiety.

Bayonne derives its chief riches from its commerce with Spain; its whole existence depends upon it, and those who pretend that this trade no longer exists are guilty of most

shameful deception to their country, and to the government, if it is ignorant of it. If we received manufactured goods from Spain, it might be believed that the late troubles had totally stopped this trade, because in fact the slightest connexion interrupts great speculations. But Spain gave us wool, double pistoles, and iron. These articles are in some measure spontaneously and annually produced like the harvest. The shepherds shear their sheep, and the miners dig up their iron, whatever may happen. Nothing but the interruption of the communications, a sanitary cordon, or war, can put an end to such a commerce. In return we only supplied Spain with articles of the first necessity, such as salt meat, stuffs, &c. Our traffic ought therefore to have continued, and it has been suspended only by the apprehension of a declaration of war, and the seizures which would be the consequence of it. Bayonne has also a considerable trade with the islands, and as far as that is concerned, it will not be pretended, that war would not make us lose it; it is well known that it will be the entire ruin of it, by cutting us off from the sea, and throwing it completely into the hands of the

English. It may therefore be conceived that the people of Bayonne are out of humour, especially as they are convinced that the honour of France is not interested in troubling our neighbours, or imposing upon them our wisdom and our laws.

THE END.

00085929

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015